Engraved by Cook from an Original Picture.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, May 27th 1779.

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Stothard del. Heath Sculp.

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London Nov.r 5.th 1781.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JO. CUNNINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Fælix ille, quem ſemotum longe e ſtrepitu et popularibus undis,
interdum molli rus accipit umbra!
Silveſtrem tenui Muſam meditabor avena. RAPIN.

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchſafe to ſmile
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Iſle!
Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blaſted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illuſtrious tree!
Britons!—it is yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive. STANZAS, &c.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JO. CUNNINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
PASTORALS,	PROLOGUES,
FABLES,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPIGRAMS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine
Sooth with his melody insatiate Death?
No.———,

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit and the rich-rob'd king,
Level'l'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train,
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

EL. ON PILE OF RUINS.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

It has been a frequent obſervation, that the life of a good writer is beſt read in his Works, which ſeldom fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits; at leaſt that the diſtinguiſhing character of his mind, his ruling paſſion, will there appear undiſguiſed. Hitherto no anecdotes of the life of our Author, ſo far as we know, have been printed with his Works, though theſe have undergone ſeveral editions. It has therefore become neceſſary, along with this more perfect edition, to narrate what has come to our knowledge concerning Mr. Cunningham himſelf, which indeed will be found little more than what the life of almoſt every man does afford, *viz.* where he was born, where he was educated, and where he died.

John Cunningham was born in the city of Dublin about the year 1728. His father was by profeſſion a winecooper, and lived in good credit; but having a numerous family, our Author being the eldeſt of ſeven, was frequently in ſtraitened circumſtances. Having the good or bad fortune to get a 1200*l.* prize in the Engliſh lottery, it proved his and his family's ruin; for on this ſudden acquiſition of wealth enlarging his views, he commenced winemerchant; aſſumed a higher port of life "than his faint means

"would grant continuance," and not long thereafter became bankrupt.

At this afflicting period our Author was at the grammar-ſchool in the city of Drogheda, under the care of Mr. Clark, the then maſter, the ſame who gave Mr. Henry Jones, author of the Earl of Eſſex, *&c. &c.* all the ſchool-education he ever received. From thence young Cunningham was recalled to Dublin, where he continued for four or five years, and of courſe experienced all the difficulties that attend diſtreſſed ſituations.

Thus circumſtanced, our Author turned his views to the ſtage, and produced a little piece of two acts called Love in a Miſt; or, the Laſs of Spirit, which was performed at the theatre-royal Smock-Alley ſeveral nights, and met with a very favourable reception. This introduced him to the acquaintance of the gentlemen of the theatre, who prevailed on him to enliſt himſelf under the banner of an itinerant manager, with whom he came to England in the capacity of an actor, which profeſſion he followed with little or no variation till the time of his death.

As an actor Mr. Cunningham had very little merit, chiefly owing to an extreme diffidence. He had juſt and ſtrong conceptions, but neither voice, figure, nor utterance, to give them birth. He was two or three ſeaſons at the theatre Edinburgh, when under the management of Mr. Digges, and on his re-

turn to England became exceedingly ſerviceable to Mr. Slack, printer in Newcaſtle upon Tyne, by aſſiſting him in eſtabliſhing a weekly newſpaper.

Mr. Cunningham's life was ſo uniform, and of ſo little adventure, that with a due regard to truth nothing can be related of him either entertaining or extraordinary. His every wiſh ſeemed to include in it nothing beyond competence and obſcurity; "Along "the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life to keep the noiſe-"leſs tenour of his way." An original letter of his, partly here to be inſerted, fully ſhews his temper and diſpoſition; but firſt it is neceſſary to be underſtood, that about the year 1762 he was ſolicited to leave the country, and to exert his talents in London as a writer, with promiſes of patronage, and every poſſible encouragement. Theſe proffers had the effect indeed to bring him to the capital; but not all the entreaties and perſuaſions of his friends could prevail upon him to continue there, though a very handſome premium was offered to be ſecured to him. Yet his indolence or diffidence had gained ſuch abſolute dominion over him, that when he found the ſolicitations of his friends too powerful for him openly to reſiſt, he privately withdrew himſelf, and returned to Mr. Bates's company in the country. It was whilſt here that he wrote the letter above-mentioned, ſo deſcriptive of himſelf, and of which we ſhall extract ſuch paſſages as may be neceſſary for the reader to know.

The letter is dated Scarborough, November 3d, 1764, and is addreſſed to Mr. Philip Lewis of the theatre-royal Covent Garden. It runs thus;

"Dear Phil. We arrived at Scarborough the begin-
"ing of the week, and I was agreeably ſurpriſed to
"find a letter from you had been lying a few days in
"the poſtoffice. I reproach myſelf ſeverely for my
"*general indolence*, and much for my particular fault
"in not writing to you before, as I might reaſonably
"conclude a letter addreſſed to you at the theatre
"would find you. I hope you will excuſe me, and not
"impute my long ſilence to a want of real friendſhip
"for you, or a proper ſenſe of the many marks you
"have given of your's for me.

"Mr. Davies does me honour by his propoſal. I
"am ſolicited daily both from Edinburgh and New-
"caſtle to the ſame purpoſe, at both which places I
"think I might depend on genteel ſubſcriptions (nay
"in moſt of the north towns I have a ſort of ac-
"quainted intereſt;) but I have ſome *diffidence*, and,
"as I obſerved above, much *indolence*, ſo that I have
"never yet come to a determination.

"I ſhould be happy in *a correſpondence* with Mr.
"Davies, and as he is ſupplied with French articles,
"ſhould like to divert myſelf with a tranſlation. I am
"fond, you know, of the French. I remember you
"liked The Roſe and Butterfly I imitated from La
"Motte.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble "you take on my account. You may remember my "laſt expedition to London: I think I may be con- "vinced by it that I am not calculated for the buſi- "neſs you mention. Though I ſcribble (but a little "neither) to amuſe myſelf, the moment I conſider- "ed it as my *duty* it would ceaſe to be *an amuſe-* "*ment*, and I ſhould of conſequence be *weary on't*. "I am *not enterprifing*, and tolerably happy in my "preſent ſituation.

"I am afraid I ſhall not compaſs my Collection "of Fugitives this winter; but after a tedious fit of "*idleneſs* I ſcribbled up an affair, within theſe few "days, which I call An Apologue, *&c. &c.*"

This letter requires no apology, as the matter contained in it throws a ſtronger light on the character of our Author than is to be diſcovered any where elſe. Here he has drawn a ſtriking likeneſs of himſelf; and it muſt be allowed the portrait is by the hand of an original.

There is a little anecdote of Mr. Cunningham which had its birth at Scarborough in ſummer 1765. He then lodged at the Golden Lion Inn. The landlord was a peaceable fellow; the landlady a ſhrew. One day as ſhe was exerciſing her talents indiſcriminately on all who unfortunately came in her way, huſband, gueſts, ſervants, *&c.* Cunningham, to eſcape this wordy war, ſteered towards the door, carrying the

landlord along with him, and pointing to the ſign, *viz.* The Golden Lion, ſpoke the four following lines extempore;

Friend W——n! if you would get rid of a ſcold,
And live without trouble and ſtrife,
I 'd adviſe you to take down your Lion of Gold,
And hang up your brazen-fac'd wife *.

after which he called for his bill, diſcharged it, and prudently removed to freſh quarters.

A few months before our Author's death, being then entirely incapable of theatrical buſineſs, or indeed any other, Mr. Slack of Newcaſtle gave him a kind invitation, ſent a carriage for him, and had him brought home to his houſe. Whilſt he languiſhed under this hoſpitable roof, he came to a reſolution to deſtroy his papers; and deſiring the maid to make up fire, he requeſted her to leave the room. He then got out of bed, and committed all his papers to the flames. The blaze alarming the neighbours, Mr. Slack haſtened to Mr. Cunningham's room, who had by this time got to the bed-ſide, and pointing to the fire, faintly exclaimed, There! There!

Whilſt he laboured under the diſorder which at length put a period to his life, he had the following words very often in his mouth;

* Theſe lines afterwards underwent ſome ſmall alteration by the Author. See the verſes entitled A Poſtſcript.

Why was this irkſome being forc'd upon me?
Incapable of choice, I ſought it not.
Where is then the boaſted mercy men allow you,
Since not to be avoided? I am wretched †.

Our Author breathed his laſt at Newcaſtle, in the houſe of his friend Mr. Slack, though in what year, month, or on what day of the month, we have not been able to inveſtigate. Mr. Slack's friendly offices did not terminate with the life of Mr. Cunningham, to whoſe memory he generouſly erected a monument.

Mr. Cunningham's Writings are the beſt teſtimonies of his merits. His paſtoral compoſitions (to which ſort of poem it is ſaid he betook himſelf at the requeſt, and by the advice, of the late Mr. Shenſtone) place him in no contemptible line. As to himſelf, he was of the moſt placid and benevolent diſpoſition, but inclined to deſpondency; "A melancholy man, "but when he ſpoke honey dropp'd from his lips."

† The ſenſe of theſe lines is obſcure; nor will an alteration of the ſtops reſtore them to much meaning.

A CARD FROM THE AUTHOR

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

REMOTENESS of ſituation, and ſome other circumſtances, have hitherto deprived the Author of that happineſs he might receive from ſeeing Mr Garrick. 'Tis the univerſal regard his character commands occaſions this addreſs.

It may be thought by many (at a viſit ſo abrupt as this is) that ſomething highly complimentary ſhould be ſaid on the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the Author has conceived of Mr Garrick's delicacy and good ſenſe, a ſingle period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave—and after having ſtept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of eſteem, reſpectfully retires.

Newcaſtle,
Auguſt 1771.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHTPIECE.

Nox erat———
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

I.

The queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign,
Advancing in their vary'd light
Her silver-vested train.

II.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars
That ride yon' sacred round
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

III.

A kind, a philosophick, calm
The cool creation wears,
And what Day drank of dewy balm
The gentle Night repairs.

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid
The feather'd race how still!

How quiet now the gameſome kid
That gamboll'd round the hill!

V.

The ſweets that bending o'er their banks
From ſultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And ſcent the weſtern wind.

VI.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bad the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees
A phœnix neſt on fire.

VII.

But ſoft—the golden glow ſubſides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now in ſilver'd pomp ſhe rides
Pale regent of the ſky.

VIII.

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I ſit, from buſy paſſions free,
And breathe the placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches brav'd the ſky:
Thus at the touch of ruthleſs Time
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

X.

I 'm lifted to the blue expanſe;
It glows ſerenely gay:
Come, Science! by my ſide advance,
We 'll ſearch the Milky-way.

XI.

Let us deſcend——The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science in the maze of light
Is impotent and blind.

XII.

What are thoſe wild thoſe wand'ring fires
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours. How like the vague deſires
That cheat the heart of man!

XIII.

But there 's a friendly guide!——a flame
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens with a gladſome beam
The hermit's oſier ſhed.

XIV.

Among the ruſſet ſhades of night
It glances from afar,
And darts along the duſk ſo bright,
It ſeems a ſilver ſtar!

XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,

'Tis thus the little lamp Content
Gives luſtre to her cell.

XVI.

How ſmooth that rapid river ſlides,
Progreſſive to the deep!
The poppies pendent o'er its ſides
Have charm'd the waves to ſleep.

XVII.

Pleaſure's intoxicated ſons,
Ye Indolent! ye Gay!
Reflect——for as the river runs
Life wings its trackleſs way.

XVIII.

That branching grove of duſky green
Conceals the azure ſky,
Save where a ſtarry ſpace between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old Errour thus with ſhades impure
Throws ſacred Truth behind,
Yet ſometimes thro' the deep obſcure
She burſts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep and her ſiſter Silence reign;
They lock the ſhepherds' fold:
But hark!—I hear a lamb complain
'Tis loſt upon the wold!

XXI.

To savage herds that hunt for prey
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way
The little rambler dies!

XXII.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides,
When hurry'd from the halcyon cot
Where Innocence presides.——

XXIII.

The Passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze
Where willows shade the way!
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day.

XXV.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of Pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

XXVI.

The soft serenity of Night
Ungentle clouds deform;

The silver host that shone so bright
Is hid behind a storm.

XXVII.

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivy'd bow'r)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the show'r.

XXVIII.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate
I 've learnt to render vain;
For whilst Integrity 's her seat
The soul will sit serene.

XXIX.

A raven from some greedy vault
Amidst that cloister'd gloom
Bids me, and it is a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

XXX.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome,
The temple, rais'd to Peace!
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

XXXI.

Yon' village to the moral mind
A solemn aspect wears,
Where Sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
An emblematick bed!
That offers to the mental ſight
The temporary dead.

XXXIII.

From hence I 'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeaſur'd deep;
And tutor'd hence be timely taught
To meet my final ſleep.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace!——(The little chaos paſt!)
The gracious moon 's reſtor'd!
A breeze ſucceeds the frightful blaſt
That thro' the foreſt roar'd.

XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome gueſt!
Renews her gentle ſtrains;
And Hope, juſt wand'ring from my breaſt,
Her wonted ſeat regains.

XXXVI.

Yes—When yon' lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high,
My ſoul, a more celeſtial ſpark!
Shall keep her native ſky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreſhment find;
And moral rhapſodies like theſe
Give vigour to the mind.

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes. VIRG.

I.

Now that ſummer's ripen'd bloom
Frolicks where the winter frown'd
Stretch'd upon theſe banks of broom
We command the Landſcape round.

II.

Nature in the proſpect yields
Humble dales and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

III.

Goats upon that frowning ſteep
Fearleſs with their kidlings brouſe;
Here a flock of ſnowy ſheep,
There an herd of motley cows.

IV.

On the uplands ev'ry glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales the ſober ſhade
Softens to an ev'ning gray.

V.

Where the rill by ſlow degrees
Swells into a cryſtal pool,

Shaggy rocks and ſhelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunderſtroke
From the mountain's miſty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
Near the farm-houſe forms a bridge.

VII.

On her breaſt the ſunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride,
Yonder as the virgin ſtream
Haſtens to the reſtleſs tide——

VIII.

Where the ſhips by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to ſee their ſwelling ſails
Whiten'd by the laughing Sun.

IX.

High upon the daiſy'd hill,
Riſing from the ſlope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the buſy breeze!——

X.

Cheerful as a ſummer's morn,
Bouncing from her loaded pad,
Where the maid preſents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.

XI.

O'er the green a feſtal throng
Gambols in fantaſtick trim
As the full cart moves along:
Hearken!——it is the harveſt hymn.

XII.

Linnets on the crowded ſprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks riſe,
Soaring with a ſong of praiſe
Till the ſweet notes reach the ſkies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended ſheets
Down the cliffs dividing break;
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a ſilver lake.

XIV.

From his languid flocks the ſwain,
By the ſunbeams ſore oppreſt,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain
Plows it with his glowing breaſt.

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's ſlopy ſide,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod
Many an angler breaks the tide.

XVI.

On the iſles, with oſiers dreſt,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;

Many a wild bird hides her neſt,
Cover'd in yon' crackling reeds.

XVII.

Fork-tail'd prattlers as they paſs
To their neſtlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glaſs
Seem to kiſs the mimick'd flock.

XVIII.

Where the ſtone-croſs lifts its head,
Many a ſaint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore.

XIX.

Guardian of a ſacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon' rev'rend ſhades,
Whilome in that ſhatter'd cell
Many an hermit told his beads.

XX.

Sultry miſts ſurround the heath
Where the Gothick dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath
Tott'ring with a load of years.

XXI.

Turn to the contraſted ſcene,
Where beyond theſe hoary piles
Gay upon the riſing green
Many an Attick building ſmiles.

XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling ſhade and light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight. 88

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and ſpires,
Scatter'd on the Landſcape lie,
Till the diſtant view retires,
Cloſing in an azure ſky. 92

AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aſpice murorem moles, præruptaque ſaxa! JANUS VITALIS.
Omnia, tempus edax depaſcitur, omnia carpit. SENECA.

I.

In the full proſpect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The veſtige of an ancient abbey ſtands,
Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains. 4

II.

Half bury'd there lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub there deſcends in duſt
From the rent roof and portico ſublime. 8

III.

The rivulets, oft' frighted at the ſound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

IV.

Where rev'rend ſhrines in Gothick grandeur ſtood
The nettle or the noxious nightſhade ſpreads;
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aſpect ſweet,
Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

VI.

Soon as ſage Ev'ning check'd Day's ſunny pride,
I left the mantling ſhade in moral mood,
And ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

VII.

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace
Here Time has paſs'd—What ruin marks his way!
This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd baſe,
Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

VIII.

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
In vain, and Melody her ſong ſublime;

In vain Philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride;
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twiſted ivy ty'd.

X.

How ſolemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moſs,
That terminates the view yon' cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall a time-corroded croſs,
Religion like, ſtands mould'ring in decay!

XI.

Where the mild ſun, thro' ſaint-encypher'd glaſs,
Illum'd with mellow light yon' duſky aiſle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation paſs,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile!

XII.

And Piety, with myſtick meaning beads,
Bowing to ſaints on ev'ry ſide inurn'd,
Trod oft' the ſolitary path that leads
Where now the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

XIII.

Thro' the gray grove, between thoſe with'ring trees,
'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half waſted, like a Niobe in tears:

XIV.

Low levell'd in the duſt her darlings laid!
Death pity'd not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade
Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

XV.

The relicks of a mitred ſaint may reſt
Where mould'ring in the niche his ſtatue ſtands,
Now nameleſs as the crowd that kiſs'd his veſt,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illuſtrious chieftain lie,
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

XVII.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vaſſal-plain
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide?
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide?

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time
Levell'd the fabrick as the founder low.

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoft'ning ſound
Ravens and rooks, the birds of Diſcord! dwell;

And where Society ſat ſweetly crown'd
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

XX.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now perhaps the painted room
Where the ſage matron and her maidens ſat,
Sweet-ſinging at the ſilver-working loom.

XXI.

The trav'ller is bewilder'd on a waſte;
And the rude winds inceſſant ſeem to roar,
Where in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often ſigh'd in days of yore.

XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a cryſtal cool ſupply!
In the deep duſt their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirſt, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry.

XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were ſpent
With Comus and the laughter-loving crew,
And the ſweet brow of Beauty, ſtill unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they muſt;
Not to be ſtay'd by maſk or midnight roar;
Nor ſhall a pulſe among that mould'ring duſt
Beat wanton at the ſmiles of Beauty more.

XXV.

Can the deep Stateſman, ſkill'd in great deſign,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd foll'wer of the ſacred Nine
Sooth with his melody inſatiate Death?

XXVI.

No.—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around,
Unerring and unſeen the ſhaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide-ſtretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiſc'ous in the tomb.

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wiſe and good,
Bad, when the Morning's roſy reign began,
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
"Philip! remember thou 'rt no more than man;

XXIX.

"Tho' Glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole;
"Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt;
"Philip! reflect thou 'rt poſting to the goal
"Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt!"

XXX.

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains ſubdu'd)

Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd:

XXXI.

And as he rode high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of Conquest dress,
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd pendent on a spear his burial vest;

XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of Pow'r,
"This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
"May in the space of one revolving hour
"Boast of nor other spoil but yonder shroud!

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
Where Slaughter like the rapid lightning ran,
And say, while Mem'ry weeps the blood-stain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids and motto'd stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high;
For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones
That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

XXXV.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head
Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed
Than th' other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

XXXVI.

Hither let Lux'ry lead her looſe-rob'd train,
Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
And from the moral proſpect learn—how vain
The wiſh that ſighs for ſublunary things! 144

FORTUNE:

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

I.

Jove and his ſenators, in ſage debate
For man's felicity, were ſettling laws,
When a rude roar that ſhook the ſacred gate
Turn'd their attention to enquire the cauſe. 4

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudeſt of his race,
In the rough garniture of Grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place;
"Let me have juſtice, Jupiter!"—he bray'd. 8

III.

"I am an aſs, of innocence allow'd
"The type, yet Fortune perſecutes me ſtill;
"While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
"Beneath her patronage can rob and kill. 12

IV.

" The pamper'd horſe (he never toil'd ſo hard)
" Favour and friendſhip from his owner finds:
" For endleſs diligence—(a rough reward!)
" I 'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds.

V.

" On wretched provender compell'd to feed,
" The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!
" For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed
" The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd ſhed.

VI.

" Rough and unſeemly is my irrev'rent hide!
" Where can I viſit, thus uncouthly dreſt?
" That outſide elegance the Dame deny'd
" For which her fav'rites are too oft' careſt.

VII.

" To ſuff'ring virtue, ſacred Jove! be kind;
" From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free:
" She 's a deceiver if ſhe ſays ſhe 's blind;
" She ſees, propitiouſly ſees, all—but me."

VIII.

The plantiff could articulate no more;
His boſom heav'd a moſt tremendous groan!
The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
Till Jove ſeem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

IX.

The monarch with an all-commanding ſound
(Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of ſpace)

Gave order—that Dame Fortune ſhould be found,
To anſwer as ſhe might the plantiff's caſe.

X.

Soldiers and citizens, a ſeemly train!
And lawyers and phyſicians, ſought her cell,
With many a ſchoolman;—but their ſearch was vain:
Few can the reſidence of Fortune tell.

XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,
'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did reſide,
And Jove's ambaſſadors were poſted there.

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dreſt,
A feeble porter at the gate they found,
Doubled with wretchedneſs—with age diſtreſt,
And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

XIII.

"Mortals avaunt!" the trembling ſpectre cries,
"Ere you invade thoſe ſacred haunts beware!
"To guard Lord Avarice from rude ſurpriſe
"I am the centinel—my name is Care.

XIV.

"Doubts, Diſappointments, Anarchy of Mind,
"Theſe are the ſoldiers that ſurround his hall,
"And ev'ry Fury that can laſh mankind,
"Rage, Rancour, and Revenge, attend his call.

XV.

"Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wand'ring dame;
"A settled residence the harlot scorns:
"Curse on such visitants! she never came
"But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns.

XVI.

"To the green vale yon' shelt'ring hills surround
"Go forward; you 'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:
"Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
"None can direct your anxious search so well."

XVII.

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot,
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

XVIII.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)
Gave to their questions a serene reply:
"Hither," she said, "if e'er that goddess came
"I saw her not—she pass'd unnotic'd by.

XIX.

"Abroad with Contemplation oft' I roam,
"And leave to Poverty my humble cell;
"She 's my domestick, never stirs from home;
"If Fortune has been here it is she can tell.

XX.

"The matron eyes us from yon' mantling shade,
"And see her sober footsteps this way bent!

" Mark by her ſide a little roſe-lipp'd maid;
" 'Tis my young daughter, and her name 's Content."

XXI.

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
" Fortune," ſhe cry'd, " hath never yet been here;
" But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
" Tells me her Highneſs may in time appear.

XXII.

" Felicity no doubt adorns their lot
" On whom her golden bounty beams divine;
" Yet tho' ſhe never reach our ruſtick cot
" Patience will viſit us—We ſha'n't repine."

XXIII.

After a vaſt but unavailing round,
The meſſengers returning in deſpair,
On an high hill a Fairy manſion found,
And hop'd the goddeſs Fortune might be there.

XXIV.

The dome, ſo glitt'ring it amaz'd the ſight,
('Twas adamant, with gems incruſted o'er)
Had not a caſement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies deſcry the door:

XXV.

But eager to conclude a tedious chaſe,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd awfully Jove's ſacred name.

XXVI.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illusion and her Fairy dome withdrew,
(Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
And Fortune stood reveal'd to publick view.

XXVII.

Oft' for that happiness high courts deny'd
To this receptacle Dame Fortune ran;
When harass'd it was here she us'd to hide
From the wild suits of discontented man.

XXVIII.

Prostrate the delegates their charge declare;
(Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment [seat.

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd, tho' from diff'rent motives keen;
Many—to see Dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen.

XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems;
He gave her near his own a golden seat:
Fair Fortune 's an adventurer it seems
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

XXXI.

"Daughter," says Jupiter, "you 're sore accus'd;
"Clamour incessantly reviles your name;

" If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd
" Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

XXXII.

" Tho' peſter'd daily with complaints from man,
" Thro' this conviction I record them not—
" Let my kind providence do all it can,
" None of that ſpecies ever lik'd his lot.

XXXIII.

" But the poor quadrupede that now appeals,
" Can wanton Cruelty the weak purſue!
" Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
" And all his wretchedneſs he lays to you."

XXXIV.

" Aſk him, high Jupiter!" reply'd the Dame,
" In what he has excell'd his long-car'd claſs.
" Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
" That ſhe deſcends not to regard—an aſs?"

XXXV.

Fame enter'd in her rolls the ſage reply;
The Dame defendant was diſcharg'd with grace.
" Go," to the plantiff ſaid the Sire, " and try
" By merit to ſurmount your low-born race.

XXXVI.

" Learn from the lion to be juſt and brave;
" Take from the elephant inſtruction wiſe:
" With gracious breeding like the horſe behave;
" Nor the ſagacity of hounds deſpiſe.

XXXVII.

" These useful qualities with care imbibe,
" For which some quadrupedes are justly priz'd:
" Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
" And you 'll no longer be a wretch despis'd."

LOVE AND CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

From the high mount * whence sacred groves de-
Diana and her virgin-troop descend, [pend,
And while the buskin'd Maids with active care
The business of the daily chase prepare,
A fav'rite nymph steps forward from the throng,
And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud sounding horn,
Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace,
And Joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet Morn
That smiles on the nymphs of the chase.
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight;
All the day with fresh Vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
And sleep with Contentment all night.

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of Love;
He flies indignant to the sacred grove;

* Mount Latmos.

Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair;
His rofy wings perfume the wanton air;
Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell defigns declare.
A crimfon bluſh o'erſpread Diana's face,
A frown ſucceeds—ſhe ſtops the ſpringing chaſe,
And thus forbids the boy the conſecrated place.

AIR.

Fond diſturber of the heart!
From theſe ſacred ſhades depart;
Here 's a blooming troop diſdains
Love and his fantaſtick chains.
Siſters of the ſilver bow,
Pure and chaſte as virgin-ſnow,
Melt not at thy feeble fires,
Wanton god of wild deſires!

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breaſt,
Whilſt thus the angry goddeſs he addreſt.

AIR.

Virgin-ſnow does oft' remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of Day
Smiles, and waſtes its pride away.
What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of ſtrong deſire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECITATIVE.

Now thro' the foreſt's brown imbower'd ways
With careleſs ſteps the young Endymion ſtrays;
His form erect!—looſe flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with eaſe and vigour move;
His eyes—his ev'ry feature, form'd for love;
Around the liſt'ning woods attentive hung,
Whilſt thus, invoking Sleep, the ſhepherd ſung.

AIR.

Where the pebbled ſtreamlet glides
Near the wood-nymph's ruſtick grot,
If the god of Sleep reſides,
Or in Pan's ſequeſter'd cot,
Hither if he 'll rightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle Dream,
We 'll enjoy this graſſy bed
On the bank beſide the ſtream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the ſhepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain ſhades his lovely eyes;
And now a ſporting breeze his boſom ſhows,
As marble ſmooth, and white as Alpine ſnows;
The goddeſs gaz'd, in magick ſoftneſs bound,
Her ſilver bow falls uſeleſs to the ground;
Love laugh'd, and, ſure of conqueſt, wing'd a dart
Unerring to her undefended heart.
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
And thus perſuades her virgins to retire.

AIR.

II.

Ye tender Maids! be timely wise,
Love's wanton fury shun;
In flight alone your safety lies:
The daring are undone.

III.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
With vultures fell engage?
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tiger's rage?

III.

No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins! fly;
To secret cells remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt Chastity and Love.

HYMEN.

When Chloe with a blush comply'd
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of Fancy swell
Expression must despair to tell.
A painter call'd—Nicander cries,
"Descending from the radiant skies

"Draw me a bright, a beauteous, boy,
"The herald of connubial joy!
"Draw him with all peculiar care,
"Make him beyond Adonis fair;
"Give to his cheeks a roſeate hue,
"Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
"Lips ſoft'ning in nectarious dew;
"A luſtre o'er his charms diſplay
"More glorious than the beams of day.
"Expect, Sir, if you can ſucceed,
"A premium for a prince indeed."
His talents ſtraight the painter try'd,
And ere the nuptial-knot was ty'd
A picture in the nobleſt taſte;
Before the fond Nicander plac'd.
The lover thus arraign'd his ſkill:
"Your execution 's monſtrous ill!
"A diff'rent form my fancy made;
"You 're quite a bungler at the trade.
"Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
"Where is the cheek's celeſtial glow?
"Where are the looks ſo fond and free?
"'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."
The painter bow'd—with this reply:
"My colours an't, your Honour, dry;
"When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint
"'Twill pleaſe you—or the deuce is in't:

" I 'll watch the happy change, and then
" Attend you with my piece again."
In a few months the painter came
With a performance—(ſtill the ſame.)
" Take it away,"—the huſband cry'd;
" I have repeated cauſe to chide.
" Sir, you ſhould all exceſſes ſhun;
" This is a picture overdone!
" There 's too much ardour in that eye,
" The tincture on the cheeks too high;
" The robes have a lafcivious play,
" The attitude 's too looſely gay.
" Friend! on the whole, this piece, for me,
" Is too luxuriant—far too free."
The painter thus—" The faults you find
" Are form'd in your capricious mind:
" To paſſion a devoted ſlave,
" The firſt directions, Sir, you gave;
" Poſſeſſion has repell'd the flame,
" Nor left a ſentiment the ſame.
" My picture is deſign'd to prove
" The changes of precarious love.
" On the next ſtaircaſe rais'd on high
" Regard it with a curious eye.
" As to the firſt ſteps you proceed,
" 'Tis an accompliſh'd piece indeed!
" But as you mount ſome paces higher
" Is there a grace that do n't expire?"

So various is the human mind;
Such are the frailties of mankind!
What at a diſtance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

STANZAS

On the death of his late

MAJESTY KING GEORGE II.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HOR.

I.

Tenants of Liberty on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd a vaſt unnumber'd ſtore!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign!
Your Pan, your great defender, is no more!

II.

The nymphs that in the ſacred groves preſide,
Where Albion's conq'ring oaks eternal ſpring,
In the brown ſhades their ſecret ſorrows hide,
And ſilent mourn the venerable King.

III.

Hark! how the winds, oft' bounteous to his will,
That bore his conq'ring fleets to Gallia's ſhore,
After a pauſe pathetically ſtill,
Burſt in loud peals, and thro' the foreſts roar.

IV.

On Conqueſt's cheek the vernal roſes fail,
Whilſt laurell'd Victory diſtreſsful bows;
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows.

V.

The Muſes mourn—an ineffectual band!
Each ſacred harp without an owner lies;
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected ſtand,
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies.

VI.

Beauty no more the toy of faſhion wears,
(So late by Love's deſignful labour dreſt)
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the ſable cypreſs veils her breaſt.

VII.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading ſtate of crowns below;
Whilſt Melancholy fills the vaulted aiſle
With the ſlow muſick of a nation's woe.

VIII.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate
Muſt monarchs mix'd with common mortals try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die?

IX.

Muſt the gay court be chang'd for Horrour's cave?
Muſt mighty kings, that kept the world in awe,

Conquer'd by Time and the unpitying Grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law?

X.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
Britannia's ſighs ſhall reach great Fred'rick's * ear,
He 'll drop the ſword, or cloſe the darling page,
And penſive pay the tributary tear.

XI.

Then ſhall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally)
The ſolemn truth by ſage Reflection taught,
That ſpite of glory Fred'rick's ſelf ſhall die.

XII.

The parent's face a prudent painter hides †,
While Death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the ſtroke of pencil'd art derides,
When grief diſtracts with agonizing rage.

XIII.

So let the Muſe her fableſt curtain ſpread,
By ſorrow taught her nerveleſs pow'r to know:
When nations cry their king, their father, is dead,
The reſt is dumb unutterable woe!

XIV.

But ſee—a ſacred radiance beams around,
And with returning hope a people cheers!

* Frederick King of Pruſſia.

† In a picture repreſenting the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, deſpairing to repreſent the natural diſtraction of a parent on ſo affecting an occaſion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

Look at yon' youth, with grace imperial crown'd;
How awful, yet how lovely, in his tears!

XV.

Mark how his breaſt expands the filial ſigh;
He droops, diſtreſs'd, like a declining flow'r,
Till Glory from her radiant ſphere on high
Hails him to hold the regal reins of pow'r.

XVI.

The ſainted fire to realms of bliſs remov'd,
(Like the fam'd phœnix) from his pyre ſhall ſpring.
Succeſſive Georges gracious and belov'd,
And good and glorious, as the parent-king.

STANZAS

ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING *.

——tibi, flores, plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis. VIRG.

I.

O'ER Nature's freſh boſom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring;
Rich flow'rets, how fragrant! riſe wantonly round,
And Summer's wing'd choriſters ſing!

* As the following ſtanzas have appeared anonymous in ſome periodical papers, it is thought neceſſary to obſerve that they were originally inſerted, with the Author's name, in an Edinburgh Magazine, 1761.

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain's bleſt iſle
The groves with gay bloſſoms are grac'd;
The primroſe peeps forth with an innocent ſmile,
And cowſlips crowd forward in haſte.

III.

Diſpatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your train
Thro' woodlands to gather each ſweet;
Go—rob of young roſes the dew-ſpangled plain,
And ſtrew the gay ſpoils at his feet.

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the ſame,
For George, oh ye Virgins! entwine;
From Conqueſt's own temples theſe ever-greens came,
And thoſe from the brows of the Nine.

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory, to George ſhall belong?
What Miltons, (the other) what Addiſons riſe,
To make him immortal in ſong.

VI.

To a wreath of freſh oak, England's emblem of pow'r,
Whoſe honours with time ſhall increaſe,
Add a fair olive ſprig, juſt unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace.

VII.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright queen
Collected—the pride of the grove;
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promiſe of conjugal love!

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lilies, cropt close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be ty'd:
The virgins all cry, "There 's not one to be found,
"Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd."

IX.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share
With George as our glories advance—
Despair,
Thro' envy you 'll sicken—you 'll droop—you 'll de-
And die—like the Lilies of France.

STANZAS

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

I.

Who can behold with an unpitying eye
The glorious few (with patriotick fire)
Distrest—invaded—and resolved to die,
Or keep their independent rights entire?
Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind
In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

II.

The gentle homage that to-night you 've paid
To Freedom and her ever sacred laws,
The humble off'ring at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause.

All-gracious Freedom! O vouchsafe to smile
Thro' future ages on this fav'rite Isle!

III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blasted be that impious hand
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
Britons!—it is yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

IV.

O may her rich, her rip'ning fruits of gold,
Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee!
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we 're told
Defended once the fam'd Hesperian tree;
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
With anxious eyes eternally awake.

THE VIOLET.

I.

Shelter'd from the blight Ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition
Laughing on the tufted bank.

II.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety 's impreſt:
Suited to an humble station,
Mine 's an unembroider'd vest.

III.

Modeſt tho' the maids declare me,
May in her fantaſtick train,
When Paſtora deigns to wear me,
Ha' n't a flow'ret half ſo vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

I.

As pendent o'er the limpid ſtream
I bow'd my ſnowy pride,
And languiſh'd in a fruitleſs flame
For what the Fates deny'd;

II.

The fair Paſtora chanc'd to paſs
With ſuch an angel air,
I ſaw her in the wat'ry glaſs,
And lov'd the rival fair.

II.

Ye Fates! no longer let me pine,
A ſelf-admiring ſweet!
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiſs the fair one's feet;

That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance ſhould admire,
I may—upon her boſom laid,
In ſiſter-ſweets expire.

THE BROKEN CHINA.

I.

Soon as the ſun began to peep
And gild the morning ſkies,
Young Chloe, from diſorder'd ſleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton ſprite
That waited on her ſtill,
Had teiz'd her all the tedious night
With viſionary ill.

III.

"Some ſhock of Fate is ſurely nigh,"
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
"What do theſe horrid dreams imply?
"My Cupid can n't be dead!"

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of ſome miſhap;
Wagging his tail her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

V.

And now the beſt of brittle ware
Her ſumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick the country beau appear'd,
And bowing took his ſeat.

VII.

Well—chatting on of that and this
The maid revers'd her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kiſs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

VIII.

With tranſport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won:
With many a frown the fair denies;
Fond baits to draw him on.

IX.

A man muſt prove himſelf polite
In ſuch a caſe as this;
So Richard ſtrives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiſs.

X.

But as he ſtrove—O dire to tell!
(And yet with grief I muſt)
The table turn'd—the China fell,
A heap of painted duſt.

XI.

"O fatal purport of my dream!"
The fair afflicted cry'd,

" Occaſion'd (I confeſs my ſhame)
" By childiſhneſs and pride.

XII.

" For in a kiſs, or two, or three,
" No miſchief could be found;
" Then had I been more frank and free
" My China had been found."

DAMON AND PHOEBE.

I.

When the ſweet roſy Morning firſt peep'd from the ſkies,
A loud ſinging lark bade the villagers riſe;
The cowſlips were lively—the primroſes gay,
And ſhed their beſt perfumes to welcome the May:
The ſwains and their ſweethearts, all rang'd on the green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

II.

Young Damon ſtepp'd forward: he ſung in her praiſe,
And Phœbe beſtow'd him a garland of bays:
" May this wreathe," ſaid the fair one, " dear Lord of my vows!
" A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows."
The ſwains and their ſweethearts, that danc'd on the green,
Approv'd the fond preſent of Phœbe their queen.

III.

'Mongſt lords and fine ladies, we ſhepherds are told,
The deareſt affections are barter'd for gold;
That diſcord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen ſhake hands in a cot.
At the church with fair Phœbe ſince Damon has been
He 's rich as a monarch—ſhe 's bleſt as a queen.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN,

IN A PANTOMIME.

I.

From my favour ſenſe rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin! hath found you;
Happineſs will hence ſurround you.

II.

Should a thouſand ills encloſe you,
Quick contrivance this* beſtows you.
Valour makes the fair adore you;
This† ſhall drive your foes before you.

III.

Gold 's the mighty ſource of pleaſure;
Take this purſe of magick treaſure.
Go—for while my gifts befriend you
Joy and Jollity attend you.

* A hat. † A ſword.

CLARINDA.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly preſt,
While rapture fill'd each vain,
And as I touch'd her downy breaſt
Its tenant ſlept ſerene.

II.

So ſoft a calm in ſuch a part
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilſt my uneaſy flutt'ring heart
Would ſcarcely be confin'd.

III.

A ſtubborn oak the ſhepherd ſees
Unmov'd when ſtorms deſcend;
But, ah! to ev'ry ſporting breeze
The myrtle bough muſt bend.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

I.

THE virgin when ſoften'd by May
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds ſweetly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We ſhepherds that dwell on the plain
Hail May as the mother of Love.

II.

From the weſt as it wantonly blows
Fond Zephyr careſſes the vine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine.

The pinks by the rivulet ſide
That border the vernal alcove
Bend downward to kiſs the ſoft tide;
For May is the mother of Love.

III.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foreſters ſing
Their muſick is taught them by May.

The ſtock-dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove,
And murm'ring ſeems to repeat
That May is the mother of Love.

IV.

The goddeſs will viſit you ſoon;
Ye Virgins! be ſportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,
For Muſick muſt welcome the May.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell her ſoft tales, and he'll find
That May is the mother of Love.

ON THE LATE

ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

I.

The rooks in the neighbouring grove
For ſhelter cry all the long day;
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May.

The birds that ſo cheerfully ſung
Are ſilent, or plaintive each tone,
And as they chirp low to their young
The want of their goddeſs bemoan.

II.

No daiſies on carpets of green
O'er Nature's cold boſom are ſpread;
Not a ſweet-briar ſprig can be ſeen
To finiſh this wreath for my head.

Some flow'rets indeed may be found;
But theſe neither blooming nor gay;
The faireſt ſtill ſleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

III.

December perhaps has purloin'd
Her rich tho' fantaſtical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And joſtled her out of the year.

Some ſhepherds, it is true, may repine
To ſee their lov'd gardens undreſt:
But I—whilſt my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breaſt.

ON SIR W—B—T'S BIRTH DAY.

Does true Felicity on Grandeur wait?
Delights ſhe in the pageantry of ſhow?
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happineſs beſtow?

He that is juſt, benevolent, humane,
In conſcious rectitude ſupremely bleſt,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes ſhall reign,
Tho' the gay ſtar ne'er blaz'd upon his breaſt.

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!
Hail the glad day that ſaw your patron born,
Whoſe private virtues and whoſe publick worth
Might the rich ſeats of Royalty adorn.

ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

When a wretch to publick notice
Would a man of worth defame,
Wit as threadbare as his coat is
Only ſhews his want of ſhame.

Buſy, pert, unmeaning, parrot!
Vileſt of the venal crews!
Go——and in your Grubſtreet garret
Hang yourſelf and paltry Muſe.

Pity too the meddling ſinner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F——x, (he muſt not want a dinner)
Send the ſcribbler half a crown.

ON THE DEATH OF

LORD GRANBY.

For private loſs the lenient tear may flow,
And give a ſhort, perhaps a quick, relief,
While the full heart o'ercharg'd with publick woe
Muſt labour thro' a long protracted grief.

This ſudden ſtroke (it was like the lightning's blaſt)
The ſons of Albion can n't enough deplore;
Think, Britons! think on all his triumphs paſt,
And weep.—Your warriour is—alas! no more. 8

Blight, we are told, reſpects the conq'ror's tree,
And thro' the laurel-grove with caution flies:
Vague—and how vain muſt that aſſertion be,
Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies? 12

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ——— OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of Sorrow—go attending Sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern ſhore
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And Charity's firſt ſteward—is no more. 4

Where ſhall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who ſhall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind
So gracious—good—ſo tenderly humane? 8

Yes—there ſurvives his darling off-ſpring—young,
Yet in the paths of Virtue ſteady—ſure:
'T was the laſt leſſon from his parent's tongue,
"Think, (O remember!) think upon my poor." 12

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. SLEIGH OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented, Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the Sky,
Like the frail offspring of the Earth, could die:
Trembling they ſtand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to conſecrate thy tomb.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and bloſſoms ſhoot!
How ſweet will be the ſummer fruit!
Let us behold the infant roſe,
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning ſmiles ſerenely gay,
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid
In early innocence array'd.
If in the morning of her years
A luſtre ſo intenſe appears,
When time ſhall point her noontide rays,
When her meridian charms ſhall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd muſt gaze.

TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

THO', gentle Youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the ſpring ſerene,
Time may commit the paſſions unconfin'd
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then in the morn of placid life be wiſe;
And travel thro' the groves of ſcience ſoon;
There cull the plants of virtue that may riſe;
A peaceful ſhelter from that ſultry noon.

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

I.

SAY, lov'd Content—fair Goddeſs! ſay,
Where ſhall I ſeek thy ſoft retreat,
How ſhall I find thy halcyon ſeat,
Or trace thy ſecret way?

II.

Love pointed out a pleaſing ſcene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roſes and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

III.

Deluſion all!—a ſpecious cheat!
At my approach the roſes fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

IV.

At courts I've try'd, where ſplendour ſhone,
Where Pomp and gilded Cares reſide,
'Midſt endleſs hurry, endleſs pride,
But there thou waſt unknown.

V.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
Lodg'd with a long experienc'd ſage,
With the fam'd Chiron * of the ſtage,
The goddeſs deign'd to dwell.

VI.

Integrity and truth ſerene
Had eas'd the labours of his breaſt,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to reſt
'Midſt perfidy and pain.

VII.

A ſoul like his, diſrob'd of guile,
With native innocence elate,
Above the keeneſt rage of Fate
Can greet her with a ſmile.

* He had been thirty years Prompter at the London theatre.

ON SOME BUSSES BEING FITTED OUT FOR

THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boasts her ſway,
Round the wide waſte of our long ſlighted ſea,
Let the glad tale in ſacred accents ſwell,
Let babbling Tritons to the ſea gods tell
" Britain 's at laſt grown conſcious of her ſhame;
" Britain awakes her raviſh'd rights to claim;
" Britain!—ſee pale Batavians trembling at the name."
Abaſh'd—confounded—let the dull Mynheer
No more between our ſacred banks appear.
Shall the dull Dutch exult in our diſgrace,
Rifle our wedded waves before our face?
Feaſt on the joys of our luxuriant ſpouſe,
And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows?
No, Britons! no.—George and your Genius ſmile,
And new-born beauties riſe propitious to your Iſle!

ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Particularly admired in a Company of Petit Maitres.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
And ſenſible of ſong!

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
With true pathetick fire,
Unfolds the philoſophick page,
The very beaux admire! 8

ON GOLD.

Beauty 's a bawble, a trifle in price!
'Tis glaſs, or it is ſomething as glaring;
But ſet it in Gold—it is ſo wonderful nice
That a prince ſhould be proud in the wearing. 4

How feeble the tranſport when paſſion is gone!
How pall'd when the honey-moon is over!
When kiſſing—and cooing—and toying, are done,
'Tis Gold muſt enliven the lover. 8

ON ALDERMAN W———.

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

That he was born it cannot be deny'd.
He ate, drank, ſlept, talk'd politicks, and dy'd. 2

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

That Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cauſe to lament;
Yet faith it is a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content. 4

On the ſtone that was plac'd o'er his head
(When he mingled with ſhadows ſo grim)
Theſe words may be ev'ry day read,
" Here lies the late Alderman Whim." 8

MELODY.

I.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by ſparrows
Love and Beauty croſs'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love diſpatch'd among the ſwains. 4

But ſo much our ſhepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as ſcudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound. 8

II.

Now the wanton god grown flier,
And for each fond miſchief ripe,
Comes diſguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning ſweet an oaten pipe. 12

Echo by the winding river
Doubles his deluſive ſtrains,
While the boy conceals his quiver
From the flow-returning ſwains. 16

III.

As Palemon, unſuſpecting,
Prais'd the fly muſician's art,
Love, his light diſguiſe rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce our duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught
Thoſe who timid fly from Beauty
May by Melody be caught.

REPUTATION:

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deſerv'd their care,
Virtue ſet forth with two ſelected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

II.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent firſt ſpoke. "My gentle Comrades! ſay
"Where each of you may probably be found
"Should accident divide us on the way.

III.

"If torn," ſhe added, "from my lov'd allies,
"A friendly patronage I hope to find

" Where the fine Arts from cultivation riſe,
" And the ſweet Muſe hath harmoniz'd mankind."

IV.

Says Virtue, " Did Sincerity appear,
" Or meek-ey'd Charity, among the great;
" Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
" 'Tis among theſe I 'd ſeek for my retreat.

V.

" Could I find patriots for the publick weal
" Aſſiduous, and without their ſelfiſh views;
" Could I find prieſts of undiſſembled zeal,
" 'Tis among thoſe my reſidence I 'd chuſe.

VI.

" In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reſide,
" I muſt be found in ſome ſequeſter'd cell,
" Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
" Where home-bred Happineſs delights to dwell."

VII.

" Ye may be trac'd, my gentle Friends! it is true;
" But who," ſays Reputation, " can explore
" My ſlipp'ry ſteps?—Keep, keep me in your view;
" If I 'm once loſt you 'll never find me more."

INCANTATION.

Performed at the theatre in Sunderland in a new Pantomime.

RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

From the dark tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magick dwell,
Now the ſun hath left the ſkies,
Daughters of Enchantments! riſe.

AIR.

Welcome from the ſhades beneath! [*Witches appear.*
Welcome to the blaſted heath!
Where the ſpectre and the ſprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams! with attention keen
Wait the wiſh of Harlequin.
Many a wonder muſt be done
For my firſt my fav'rite ſon.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder ſhall be done,
Hecate! for your fav'rite ſon.

AN INSCRIPTION

ON THE HOUSE AT MAVIS-BANK, NEAR EDINBURGH,

Situated in a Grove.

PARVA domus! nemeroſa quies!
Sis tu, quoque noſtris
Hoſpitium, laribus, ſubſidiumque diu!
Flora tuas ornet poſtes, Pomona que menſas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
Retia ſola canent quæ ſibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi ſæpe receſſus
Dent, atque hoſpitibus guadia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel ſero ſeneſcas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima ſæcula rodant
Detur, et ut ſenio pulchrior eniteas.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

PEACE has explor'd this ſylvan ſcene;
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye Groves of variegated green!
That grace my genial ſeat.

Here in the lap of lenient Eaſe,
(Remote from mad'ning noiſe)
Let me delude a length of days
In dear domeſtick joys!

II.

Long may the parent queen of Flow'rs
Her fragrance here diſplay!
Long may ſhe paint my mantling bow'rs,
And make my portals gay!

Nor you—my yellow Gardens! fail
To ſwell Pomona's hoard;
So ſhall the plenteous rich regale—
Repleniſh long my board.

III.

Pour thro' the groves your carols clear,
Ye Birds! nor bondage dread:
If any toils entangle here
'Tis thoſe which Love hath ſpread.

Where the green hill ſo gradual flants,
Or flow'ry glade extends,
Long may theſe fair, theſe fav'rite, haunts
Prove ſocial to my friends!

IV.

May you preſerve perpetual bloom,
May happy halcyon Seat!
Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
Far diſtant be its date.

And when he makes, with iron rage,
Thy youthful pride his prey,
Long may the honours of thy age
Be rev'renc'd in decay!

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

Hanc in gremio reſonantis ſylvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
Cæteriſque ruris honoribus,
Undique renidentem villam,
Non magnificam——non ſuperbam;
At qualen vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, ſocians artem.
Sibi, ſuiſque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Deſignavit, inſtruxitque.

D. I. C.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

In the deep boſom of my grove
A ſweet receſs ſurvey,
Where birds with elegies of love
Make vocal ev'ry ſpray.

A ſylvan ſpot! with woods—with waters crown'd,
With all the rural honours blooming round!

II.

This little but commodious ſeat
(Where Nature weds with Art)
A'nt to the eye ſuperbly great;
Its beauties charm the heart.
Here may the happy founder and his race
Paſs their full days in harmony and peace!

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGS AT EDINBURGH.

Say, can the garter or the ſtar of ſtate,
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems with ſuch emphaſis impart
As an inſignium near the Maſon's heart?
Hail, ſacred Maſonry! of ſource divine,
Unerring miſtreſs of the faultleſs line!
Whoſe plumb of truth with never-failing ſway
Makes the join'd parts of ſymmetry obey.
Hail to the Craft! at whoſe ſerene command
The gentle Arts in glad obedience ſtand;
Whoſe magick ſtroke bids fell Confuſion ceaſe,
And to the finiſh'd Orders yield its place;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit 's not confin'd;
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll:
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her Lodge an universal school,
Where Nature's mystick laws unfolded stand,
And Sense and Science join'd go hand in hand.
O! may her social rules instructive spread
Till Truth erect her long neglected head;
Till thro' deceitful Night she dart her ray,
And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move,
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in Brothers' love.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKE AT ALNWICK IN NORTHUMBERLAND,

At a charitable Benefit-play, 1765.

To bid the rancour of Ill-fortune cease;
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace;
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;
To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the ſunburnt glade!
She 's gracious as an unpolluted ſtream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream:
Pity and Peace precede her as ſhe flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes:
From her high reſidence, from realms above,
She comes, ſweet harbinger of heav'nly love!
Her ſiſter's charms * are more than doubly bright
From the kind cauſe that call'd her here to-night.
An artleſs grace the conſcious heart beſtows,
And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal roſe.
The lofty pyramid ſhall ceaſe to live;
Fleeting the praiſe ſuch monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
Sweet Charity! amidſt his ruins ſpar'd,
Secures her votaries unblaſted fame,
And in celeſtial annals ſaves their name.

* The Counteſs of Northumberland, who honoured the charity with her preſence.

AN INVITATION.

Including the Characters of the particular Company that frequented Mr. Buxton's elegant Country-house at Weſton, the family intending for London.

COME, Daphne! as the widow'd turtle true,
Foremoſt in grief, conduct the mournful crew!
Come, Delia! beauteous as the new-born Spring,
With ſong more ſoft than raptur'd angels ſing!
Let Thyrſis in the bloom of ſummer's pride
With folded arms walk penſive by her ſide.
Clarinda! come, like roſy Morning fair,
Thy form as beauteous as thy heart 's ſincere:
On her ſhall Cimon gaze with rude delight,
Till poliſh'd by her charms he grows polite.
Dorinda next—her gay good humour fled,
With ſilent ſteps and grief-dejected head!
Palemon! ſee, his tuneleſs harp unſtrung,
Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung!
Come, Cælia! ſigh'd for by unnumber'd ſwains:
Roſetta! pride of the extended plains:
With Phillis, whoſe unripen'd charms diſplay
A dawn that promiſes the future day.
With cypreſs crown'd, to Weſton's groves repair;
The conſcious ſhades ſhall witneſs our deſpair:

To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late ſo gay,
Where in ſweet converſe we were wont to ſtray,
The joys we 've loſt in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the ſocial ſeat a long farewell!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

To an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
The wife (miſcall'd) is but a widow'd maid.
Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
If the dull rules of duty are forgot,
Whatever ills from her defection riſe
The parent 's guilty who compell'd the ties.

AN INTRODUCTION.

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,

To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of that place.

On Widows—Orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
(From the rack'd heart its ev'ry comfort torn)
Humanity to-night confers relief,
And ſoftens tho' ſhe cann't remove their grief.
Blaſted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
The ſons of Sympathy, with ſorrow chill'd,

Behold the wretched Matron—madly weep,
And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,
Lord of the ſeas—the calm and boiſt'rous wind,
We bow obedient, and with awe reſign'd!
His ways inſcrutable we cann't explore:
No—we may wonder, but we muſt adore.
Happy for ever be the gen'rous breaſt
That feels compaſſion for the poor diſtreſt!
Happy the hand that ſtops the ſuff'rers tear!
Such hands there are, and ſuch we find are here.

A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS,

Delivered from the Stage by a Lady, at a Comedy countenanced by that Fraternity.

Brothers!—it is bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you—greeting.
[*Curtſies.*
The ladies can advance a thouſand reaſons
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Maſons.
To keep a ſecret—not one hint expreſſing;
To rein the tongue—O huſbands! there's a bleſſing.
As virtue ſeems the Maſon's ſole foundation,
Why ſhould the fair be barr'd from—inſtallation?
If you ſuppoſe us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Hiſtorians, Sapphos too, you 'll find among us.

Think—Brothers!—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we 'll gloriously acquit us.
How to be wiser and more cautious teach us;
Indeed it is time that your instructions reach us.
The faults of late, and ev'ry foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage
Were caus'd (if I 've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we 're convinc'd, will never leave us.

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honest Tom G——d * get rid of a scold,
The torture and plague of his life,
Pray tell him to take down his Lion of Gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

A FRAGMENT.

Part of a Poem wrote on Miss Bellamy when in Dublin.

FROM slavish rules, mechanick forms, unty'd,
She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.
The smile of Peace—the wildness of Despair—
The soft'ning sigh—the soul-dissolving tear;

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an inn in Yorkshire.

Each magick charm the boaſted Oldfield knew,
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.
'Tis thine, reſiſtleſs, the ſuperiour art,
To ſearch the ſoul, and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected eaſe,
To form the yielding paſſions as you pleaſe!
Oldmixon's * charms, by melody impreſt,
May gently touch the ſong-enamour'd breaſt;
But tranſient raptures muſt attend the wound
Where the light arrow is convey'd by ſound!
Or ſhould Mechel † all languiſhing advance,
Her limbs diſplay'd in ev'ry maze of dance,
(The ſoul untouch'd) ſhe captivates the ſight;
But breathing wit with judgment muſt unite
To give the man of reaſon unconfin'd delight.

A FRAGMENT.

TO MR WOODS,

Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

WHERE Merſey ‡ rolls her wealth-beſtowing waves,
And the wide ſandy beech triumphant laves;
Where naval ſtore in harbour'd ſafety rides
Unmov'd by ſtorms, unhurt by threat'ning tides;
Commerce—paternal goddeſs! ſits ſerene,
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

* A lady celebrated for ſinging.
† A dancer then in Smock-Alley theatre.
‡ The river Merſey, at Liverpool.

But yet no temple lifts its high-top'd ſpire;
Simple her ſeat—and artleſs her attire!
Around attendant prieſts in order wait,
Guiltleſs of pomp and ignorant of ſtate:
The godhead's pow'r tho' unadorn'd they own,
And bend with incenſe—at her low-built throne.
Pallas beheld—ſhe quits the ambient ſkies,
And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
"Is it for thee—my Woods!—to ſit ſupine?
"(Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
"Is it for thee—to whoſe myſterious hand
"Science—and ſiſter Arts obſequious ſtand,
"Inglorious thus to let a goddeſs pine?
"No throne—no temple—no ſuperiour ſhrine!
"Haſte, haſte! command the well-wrought columns riſe,
"And lift my fav'rite Commerce to the ſkies."

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

A RECANTATION.

Of ſpleen ſo dormant, indolence ſo great,
I've thoughtleſs flatter'd what in truth I hate.

ACROSTICK.

PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,
(On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places)
Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces.
Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright ye?
You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding,
Underhand, dear Mamma! there 's some mischief a-breeding;
There 's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from their duty.
On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be thus put on;
Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me Miss Sutton.

ACROSTICK.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows
In the lap of northern snows,
Defarts gloomy, cold, and drear,
Only let the nymph be there,
Wreaths of budding sweets would wear.

May would every fragrance bring,
All the vernal bloom of ſpring:
Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
Dancing would attend their queen,
Every flow'r that Nature ſpreads
Riſing where the charmer treads!

A CHARACTER.

The Muſe of a ſoldier ſo whimſical ſings,
He 's captain at once to four different kings;
And tho' in their battles he boldly behaves,
To their queens he 's a cull, and a dupe to their knaves.
Whilſt others are cheerfully join'd in the chaſe,
Young Hobbinol 's hunting the critical ace:
On feaſts or on faſts tho' the parſon exclaim,
Under hedges or haycocks he 'll ſtick to his game:
Yet the prieſt cannot ſay he 's quite out of his fold,
For he 's always at church—when a tithe 's to be ſold.

WITH A PRESENT.

I.

Let not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart diſclaim;
A trifle ſhall become a pledge of price
If Friendſhip ſtamps it with her ſacred name.

II.

The little roſe that laughs upon its ſtem,
One of the ſweets with which the gardens teem,
In value ſoars above an eaſtern gem
If tender'd as the token of eſteem.

III.

Had I vaſt hoards of maſſy wealth to ſend,
Such as your merits might demand—their due,
Then ſhould the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treaſures of the rich Peru.

SENT TO MISS BELL H———,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

Happy Trifles! can ye bear
Sighs of fondneſs to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell
How I love my charming Bell,
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguiſh of my heart.

Go—ye Trifles!—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliſs to met;
Fly, and kiſs the charmer's feet.
Happy there with waggiſh play
Tho' you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night
Robb'd of his ſupreme delight,
To ſubdue your wanton pride
Uſeleſs you 'll be thrown aſide.

EPIGRAPHE

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by

MR. P. CUNNINGHAM,

Statuary in Dublin.

Say, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame
What added honours can the ſculptor give?
None—It is a ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the ſculptor and his marble live.

FROM A TRUANT

TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells or a ſequeſter'd cot
The mind and morals properly expand:
Let youth ſtep forward to a buſier ſpot,
Led by Diſcretion's cool conducting hand. 4

To learn ſome leſſons from the ſchools of man
(Forgive me) I forſook my darling home;
Not from a light an undigeſted plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam. 8

In your affections—(let reſentment fly)
Reſtore me to my long-accuſtom'd place:
Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,
And preſs me in the parent's fond embrace. 12

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

I.

Hypocrisy's Son!
No more of your fun;
A truce with fanatical raving.
Why cenſure the ſtage?
'Tis known to the age
That both of us thrive by—deceiving. 6

II.

'Tis frequently said
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other beſpatter:
But truſt me they 're fools
Who play with edg'd tools;
So let 's have no more of the matter.

PASTORALS.

DAY:

A PASTORAL.

——Carpe diem. HOR.

MORNING.

I.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock)
Jocund that the Morning 's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows nurs'd by Night retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark to meet the Morn
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;

Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine tree's waving top
Gently greets the Morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee 's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When it is sun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

IX.

Sweet—O sweet! the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the Noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud
Not a dew-drop 's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the Zephirs bland
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring Zephyr ſprings,
Fearful left the Noontide beam
Scorch its ſoft its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir;
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill;
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhow'r,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flow'r.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers throats in tune!
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky;
Can the pencil's mimick ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the ſmoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

XXIII.

As the lark with vary'd tune
Carrols to the Ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild reſplendent moon
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

XXIV.

How the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twiſted brake,
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake!

XXV.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride
Playful from its boſom ſprings

To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping thro' the ſilken graſs
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo, bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

PALEMON:

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, ſeated by his fav'rite maid,
The ſylvan ſcenes with extaſy ſurvey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been abſent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a paſtoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn Alexis tries.

PALEMON. This breeze by the river how charming
How ſmooth the graſs carpet! how green! [and ſoft!
Sweet, ſweet ſings the lark! as he carols aloft
His muſick enlivens the ſcene.
A thouſand freſh flow'rets unuſually gay
The fields and the foreſts adorn;

I pluck'd me ſome roſes, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn,
ALEXIS. The ſkies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours deſcend on the plain;
The verdure 's all blaſted that cover'd yon' trees,
The birds cannot compaſs a ſtrain:
In ſearch for a chaplet my temples to bind
All day as I ſilently rove,
I cann't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.
PALEMON. I ne'er ſaw the hedge in ſuch excellent bloom,
The lambkins ſo wantonly gay;
My cows ſeem to breathe a more pleaſing perfume,
And brighter than common the day.
If any dull ſhepherd ſhould fooliſhly aſk
So rich why the landſcapes appear?
To give a right anſwer how eaſy my taſk?
Becauſe my ſweet Phillida 's here!
ALEXIS. The ſtream that ſo muddy moves ſlowly along
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It ſeem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a ſong,
But Daphne ſat then by my ſide.
See, ſee the lov'd Maid! o'er the meadows ſhe hies;
Quite alter'd already the ſcene!
How limpid the ſtream is! how gay the blue ſkies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

POMONA:

A PASTORAL

On the Cyder-bill being paſſed.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent
Pomona 's compell'd to depart,
And thus as in anguiſh ſhe went
The goddeſs unburthen'd her heart:

II.

"To flouriſh where Liberty reigns
"Was all my fond wiſhes requir'd,
"And here I agreed with the ſwains
"To live till their freedom expir'd.

III.

"Of late you have number'd my trees,
"And threaten'd to limit my ſtore:
"Alas!—from ſuch maxims as theſe
"I fear that your freedom 's no more.

IV.

"My flight will be fatal to May;
"For how can her gardens be fine?
"The bloſſoms are doom'd to decay,
"(The bloſſoms I mean that were mine.)

V.

"Rich Autumn remembers me well;
"My fruitage was fair to behold!

" My pears—how I ripen'd their ſwell!
" My pippins—were pippins of gold!

VI.

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs;
" She droops as ſhe furrows the ſoil:
" A nectar I ſhake from my boughs;
" A nectar that ſoftens my toil!

VII.

" When Bacchus began to repine,
" With patience I bore his abuſe;
" He ſaid that I plunder'd the vine;
" He ſaid that I pilfer'd his juice.

VIII.

" I know the proud drunkard denies
" That trees of my culture ſhould grow:
" But let not the traitor adviſe;
" He comes from the climes of your foe.

IX.

" Alas! in your ſilence I read
" The ſentence I 'm doom'd to deplore:
" 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed
" My orchard ſhall flouriſh no more."

X.

The goddeſs flew off in deſpair,
As all her ſweet honours declin'd,
And Plenty and Pleaſure declare
They 'll loiter no longer behind.

DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

I.

The gentle ſwan with graceful pride
Her gloſſy plumage laves,
And ſailing down the ſilver tide
Divides the whiſp'ring waves:

The ſilver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be;
But not ſo ſweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

II.

A parent bird in plaintive mood
On yonder fruit-tree ſung,
And ſtill the pendent neſt ſhe view'd
That held her callow young:

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood muſt be;
But not ſo dear the thouſandth part
As Delia is to me.

III.

The roſes that my brow ſurround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound
Before their ſweets grew pale!

My vital bloom would thus be froze
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe
My Delia is to me.

IV.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I 'll beſtow;
They 're like her boſom fair!

When in their chaſte connubial love
My ſecret wiſh ſhe 'll ſee,
Such mutual bliſs as turtles prove
May Delia ſhare with me!

DAMON AND PHILLIS,

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c.

DAMON.

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as ſhe 's fair,
I twiſted young roſes in wreaths for my hair;
But, ah! the ſad willow 's a ſhade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!
To the groves with young Colin the ſhepherdeſs flies,
While Damon diſturbs the ſtill plains with his ſighs.

PHIL. Bethink you, falſe Damon! before you upbraid:
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yeſterday ſtray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot.
A ſwain ſo deceitful no damſel can prize:
'Tis Phœbe not Phillis lays claim to your ſighs.

DAM. Like ſummer's full ſeaſon young Phœbe is kind;
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The ſweets of contentment her cottage adorn;
She 's fair as the roſe-bud, and freſh as the Morn!
She ſmiles like Pomona—Theſe ſmiles I 'd reſign
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHIL. On the tabor young Colin ſo prettily plays,
He ſings me ſweet ſonnets, and writes in my praiſe!
He choſe me his true-love laſt Valentine Day,
When birds ſat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the ſpray;
Yet I 'd drive the gay ſhepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon the rover were conſtant and kind.

DAM. Fine folks, my ſweet Phillis! may revel and range,
But fleeting 's the pleaſure that 's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage ſuch conſtancy ſprings,
That peaſants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let 's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHIL. To the church then let 's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL,

To the Memory of William Shenſtone, Eſq.

I.

COME, Shepherds! we 'll follow the hearſe,
We 'll ſee our lov'd Corydon laid;
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let a ſad tribute be paid.

They call'd him The Pride of the Plain;
In ſooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant ſtrain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpoſe he planted yon' trees
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.

Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſick was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges, ſo vocal before!)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring
Salutes the gay ſeaſon no more.

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd—they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?

Ye Shepherds! henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL.

I.

Her ſheep had in cluſters crept cloſe by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day,
And Phillis herſelf in a woodbine alcove
Among the freſh violets lay:

A youngling it ſeems had been ſtole from its dam,
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
That Corydon might as he ſearch'd for his lamb
Arrive at this critical ſpot.

II.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps
He ſaw the ſweet maid with ſurpriſe:
"Ye Gods! if ſo killing," he cry'd, "when ſhe ſleeps,
"I 'm loſt when ſhe opens her eyes!

"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
"I 'll onwards my lambkin to trace."
In vain honeſt Corydon ſtrove to depart,
For Love had him nail'd to the place.

III.

"Huſh, huſh'd be theſe birds; what a bawling they
He cry'd; "you 're too loud on the ſpray: [keep!"
"Do n't you ſee, fooliſh Lark! that the charmer 's
"You 'll awake her as ſure as it is day. [aſleep?

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the ſweet maid!
"Her cheek he miſtakes for the roſe:
"I 'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
"My boldneſs would break her repoſe."

IV.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languiſhing ſmile:
"Kind Shepherd!" ſhe ſaid, "you miſtake;
"I laid myſelf down juſt to reſt me a while,
"But, truſt me, have ſtill been awake."

The ſhepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow;
He plac'd himſelf cloſe by her ſide;
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride. 32

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home. 4

Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor,
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door. 8

II.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits! and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
While thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt
Love ſlyly ſtole into my breaſt. 12

I told my ſoft wiſhes; ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye Virgins! her voice was divine!)
"I 've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
"But take me, fond Shepherd—I 'm thine." 16

III.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple yet ſweet were her charms!
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if by yon' prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the ſlow-riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for my Muſe.

To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire;
The damſel is of humble deſcent:
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her Content.

THE RESPITE:

A PASTORAL.

I.

Ah! what is it to me that the grashopper sings?
Or what that the meadows are fair?
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air?

Ye Birds! I 'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign:
Shall you with your true loves be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine?

II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite
We twisted a blooming alcove,
And oft' has my Damon with smiles of delight
Declar'd it the Mantle of Love.

The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd;
We call it—The King of the Grove;
He swore a light breeze should its centre divide
When he was not true to his love.

Come, come, gentle Zephyr! in juſtice deſcend;
His falſehood you 're bound to diſplay:
This oak and its honours you 'll eaſily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day.

IV.

The ſhepherd ruſh'd forth from behind the thick tree,
Prepar'd to make Phillida bleſt;
And claſping the maid, from an heart full of glee
The cauſe of his abſence confeſt.

High raptures, it was told him by maſters in love,
Too often repeated would cloy;
And Reſpites—he found were the means to improve
And lengthen the moments of joy.

A PASTORAL *.

I.

WHERE the fond Zephyr thro' the woodbine plays,
And wakes ſweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom ſtays
Impatient—for it is paſt—the promis'd hour.

II.

Lend me thy light, O ever-ſparkling ſtar,
Bright Heſper! In thy glowing pomp array'd
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

* The hint of this paſtoral was taken from the ſeventh idyllium of Moſchus, tranſlated by Dr Broome.

III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,
This dreary waste full resolute I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

IV.

The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud;
Her smiles so gracious I no longer view:
Let her remain behind that envious shroud;
My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you.

V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
Hear then what Love and Innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.

VI.

Thee—Venus loves—First twinkler of the sky,
Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!
On my distresses cast a pitying eye;
Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

VII.

I see the darling of my soul—my love!
Expression cann't the mighty rapture tell:
He leads me to the bosom of the grove.
Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus! farewell.

A PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

On the Birth of the Queen.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota ſalutent,
——te colat omnis honos. MART. *ad Janum.*

I.

To Janus, gentle Shepherds! raiſe a ſhrine;
His honours be divine!
And as to mighty Pan with homage bow;
To him the virgin troop ſhall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd Spring,
Spite of the wintry ſtorms that ſtain his brow. 6

II.

The pride the glowing pageantry of May
Glides wantonly away;
But January, in his rough-ſpun veſt,
Boaſts the full bleſſings that can never fade;
He that gave birth to the illuſtrious maid
Whoſe beauties make the Britiſh Monarch bleſt! 12

III.

Could the ſoft Spring, with all her ſunny ſhow'rs,
The frolick nurſe of flow'rs!

* This little poem was written on ſuppoſition that her Majeſty's birthday was really in the month of January.

Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd piece so rare?
Or from his golden stores a gift so fair
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear:
Old Janus as he leads shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

V.

Above the other months supremely blest
Glad Janus stands confest!
He can behold, with retrospective face,
The mighty blessings of the year gone by;
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled ev'ry Glory, ev'ry Grace!

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year
The golden Hours appear,
As in the sacred reign of Saturn fair:
Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir.

FABLES.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A FABLE.

As an Ant, of his talents ſuperiourly vain,
Was trotting with conſequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progreſs remarkably ſlow,
Cry'd—"Bleſs your good Worſhip wherever you go!
"I hope your great Mightineſs won't take it ill
"I pay my reſpects with an hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile!" his Antſhip reply'd;
"Go—go and lament your contemptible ſtate,
"But firſt—look at me—ſee my limbs how complete!
"I guide all my motions with freedom and eaſe,
"Run backward and forward, and turn when I pleaſe.
"Of nature (grown weary) you ſhocking eſſay!
"I ſpurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."
The reptile inſulted, and vex'd to the ſoul,
Crept onwards, and hid himſelf cloſe in his hole;
But Nature, determin'd to end his diſtreſs,
Soon ſent him abroad in a Butterfly's dreſs.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repaſſing the road,
(Fatigu'd from the harveſt, and tugging his load)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whoſe geſture in glory a monarch 's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—it was rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure ſo gay,
Bow'd low with reſpect, and was trudging away:
" Stop, friend," ſays the Butterfly—" don't be ſurpris'd;
" I once was the reptile you ſpurn'd and deſpis'd;
" But now I can mount; in the ſunbeams I play,
" While you muſt for ever drudge on in your way."

MORAL.

A wretch tho' to day he 's o'erloaded with ſorrow,
May ſoar above thoſe that oppreſs'd him—to-morrow.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY:

A FABLE.

At day's early dawn a gay Butterfly ſpy'd
A budding young Roſe, and he wiſh'd her his bride;
She bluſh'd when ſhe heard him his paſſion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not deſpair.
Their faith was ſoon plighted, as lovers will do;
He ſwore to be conſtant, ſhe vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a Roſe paſſes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride till the ſun
Had leſs than one fourth of his journey to run.

The Roſe thus reproach'd him—"Already ſo cold!
"How feign'd, O you falſe one! the paſſion you told?
"'Tis an age ſince you left me." She meant a few hours;
But ſuch we 'll ſuppoſe the fond language of flow'rs.
"I ſaw when you gave the baſe vi'let a kiſs:
"How—how could you ſtoop to a meanneſs like this?
"Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roſes deſpiſe,
"Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
"On a tulip quite tawdry I ſaw your fond rape,
"Nor yet could the pitiful primroſe eſcape:
"Dull daffodils too were with ardour addreſs'd,
"And poppies ill-ſcented you kindly careſs'd."

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a ſneer,
"That you 're firſt to complain, I commend you, my
"Dear!
"But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,
"And if I 'm inconſtant I copy from you."
"I ſaw the boy Zephyrus riſle your charms;
"I ſaw how you ſimper'd and ſmil'd in his arms:
"The honey-bee kiſs'd you, you cannot diſown;
"You favour'd beſides—O diſhonour!—a drone:

" Yet worſe—it is a crime that you muſt not deny,
" Your ſweets were made common, falſe Roſe! to a
fly."

MORAL.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquet ſhould be curs'd with a rake.

THE SHEEP & BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A FABLE.

A Thick-twiſted Brake, in the time of a ſtorm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep;
So ſnug for a while he lay ſhelter'd and warm,
It quietly ſooth'd him aſleep. 4

The clouds are now ſcatter'd—the winds are a peace,
The Sheep to his paſture inclin'd;
But ah! the fell Thicket lays hold of his fleece;
His coat is left a forfeit behind. 8

My Friend! who the Thicket of law never try'd,
Conſider before you get in;
Tho' judgment and ſentence are paſs'd on your ſide,
By Jove you 'll be fleec'd to the ſkin. 12

THE FOX AND CAT:

A FABLE.

The Fox and the Cat as they travell'd one day
With moral diſcourſes cut ſhorter the way; [guide!"
"'Tis great," ſays the Fox, "to make juſtice our
"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin reply'd. 4
Whilſt thus they proceeded—a wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirſting for blood,

Ruſh'd forth—as he ſaw the dull ſhepherd aſleep,
And ſeiz'd for his ſupper an innocent ſheep.
"In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you bleat;
"When mutton 's at hand," ſays the wolf, "I muſt
"eat."
Grimalkin 's aſtoniſh'd—the Fox ſtood aghaſt,
To ſee the fell beaſt at his bloody repaſt.
"What a Wretch!" ſays the Cat—"It is the vileſt of
"brutes!
"Does he feed upon fleſh when there 's herbage—
"and roots?"
Cries the Fox—"While our oaks give us acorns ſo
"good,
"What a tyrant is this to ſpill innocent blood!"
Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
ſtill,
Till they came where ſome poultry pick'd chaff by
a mill;
Sly Reynard ſurvey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (ſpite of morals) a pullet his prize.
A mouſe too, that chanc'd from her covert to ſtray,
The greedy Grimalkin ſecur'd as her prey.
A ſpider that ſat in her web on the wall
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd—"Of ſuch murders how guiltleſs am I!"
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourſelves tho' we practiſe the ſame.

TALES.

THE THRUSH AND PIE.

A TALE.

Conceal'd within an hawthorn buſh,
We 're told that an experienc'd Thruſh
Inſtructed in the prime of ſpring
Many a neighb'ring bird to ſing:
She caroll'd, and her various ſong
Gave leſſons to the liſt'ning throng;
But (th' entangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unſeen.
At length the little wond'ring race
Would ſee their fav'rite face to face;
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that ſhe 'd no longer hide,
O'er modeſt, worth's peculiar fault.
Another ſhade the tut'reſs fought,
And loth to be too much admir'd
In ſecret from the buſh retir'd.
An impudent preſuming Pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and ſly,
Stole to the matron's vacant ſeat,
And in her arrogance elate
Ruſh'd forward—with—"My friends, you ſee
"The miſtreſs of the choir in me;

"Here be your due devotion paid;
"I am the ſongſtreſs of the ſhade."

A linnet that ſat liſt'ning nigh
Made the impoſtor this reply:
"I fancy, Friend! that vulgar throats
"Were never form'd for warbling notes;
"But if theſe leſſons came from you
"Repeat them in the publick view:
"That your aſſertions may be clear,
"Let us behold as well as hear."

The length'ning ſong, the ſoft'ning ſtrain,
Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain;
For to the fool's eternal ſhame
All ſhe could compaſs was a ſcream.

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor ſhelter nor defence is nigh:
The caitiff wretch, diſtreſs'd—forlorn,
On ev'ry ſide is peck'd and torn,
Till for her vile atorcious lies
Under their angry beaks ſhe dies.

Such be his fate whoſe ſcoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——, the tale apply;
You are—yourſelf—the chatt'ring Pie.
Repent, and with a conſcious bluſh
Go make atonement to the Thruſh.

THE PICTURE;

A TALE.

A Portrait, at my Lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand,
For dabblers in the nice *vertù*
His Lordſhip ſet the piece to view,
Bidding their Connoiſſeurſhips tell
Whether the work was finiſh'd well.
"Why,"—ſays the loudeſt, "on my word
"'Tis not a likeneſs, good my Lord;
"Nor, to be plain, for ſpeak I muſt,
"Can I pronounce one feature juſt."
Another effort ſtraight was made,
Another portraiture eſſay'd;
The judges were again beſought
Each to deliver what he thought.
"Worſe than the firſt"—the criticks bawl;
"O what a mouth! how monſtrous ſmall!
"Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
"See what a moſt prepoſt'rous chin!"
After remonſtrance made in vain,
"I 'll," ſays the painter, "once again
"(If my good Lord vouchſafes to ſit)
"Try for a more ſucceſsful hit:
"If you 'll to-morrow deign to call,
"We 'll have a piece to pleaſe you all."

To-morrow comes—a Picture 's plac'd
Before thoſe ſpurious ſons of Taſte——
In their opinions all agree
This is the vileſt of the three.
" Know—to confute your envious pride,"
His Lordſhip from the canvaſs cry'd,
" Know—that it is my real face
" Where you could no reſemblance trace:
" I have try'd you by a lucky trick,
" And prov'd your genius to the quick.
" Void of all judgment—juſtice—ſenſe,
" Out—ye pretending Varlets!—hence."
The Connoiſſeurs depart in haſte,
Deſpis'd—detected—and diſgrac'd.

THE WITCH:

A TALE.

A Witch that from her ebon chair
Could hurl deſtruction thro' the air,
Or at her all-commanding will
Make the tumultuous ocean ſtill,
Once by an incantation fell
(As the recording Druids tell)
Pluck'd the round moon, whoſe radiant light
Silver'd the ſober noon of night,
From the domain ſhe held above,
Down to a dark infernal grove.

"Give me," the goddeſs cry'd, "a cauſe
"Why you diſturb my ſecret laws.
"Look at my train—yon' wand'ring hoſt,
"See how the trembling ſtars are loſt!
"Thro' the celeſtial regions wide
"Why do they range without a guide?
"Chaos from our confuſion may
"Hope for his old deteſted ſway."
"I 'm," ſays the Witch, "ſeverely croſt;
"Know that my fav'rite ſquirrel 's loſt:
"Search——for I 'll have creation torn
"If he 's not found before the morn."
Soon as the impious charge was giv'n,
From the tremendous ſtores of heav'n
Jove with a bolt—revengeful—red,
Struck the deteſted monſter dead.
If there are ſlaves to pity blind,
With pow'r enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the Witch's fate;
When their preſumption 's at the height
Jove will his angry pow'rs aſſume,
And the curs'd miſcreants meet their doom.

ODES.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSICK.

I.

CEASE, gentle Sounds! nor kill me quite
With ſuch exceſs of ſweet delight;
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part;
A ſoft—a pleaſing pain
Purſues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.
What—what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magick o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now, wild with fierce deſire,
My breaſt is all on fire!
In ſoften'd raptures now I die!
Can empty ſound ſuch joys impart!
Can Muſick thus tranſport the heart
With melting ecſtacy!
O Art divine! exalted bleſſing!
Each celeſtial charm expreſſing!
Kindeſt gift the gods beſtow!
Sweeteſt good that mortals know!

III.

When ſeated in a verdant ſhade
(Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd,

The diſtant trees forſake the wood,
The liſt'ning beaſts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly ſound;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Najads quit the fountains,
And in a ſprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raiſe the ſtately walls of ancient Troy
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ:
See what ſoft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the ſound purſue,
Till in a large collected maſs they grew.
Had Thyrſis liv'd in theſe remoter days
His were the chaplet of immortal bays:
Apollo's heart unknown,
The ſhepherd had remain'd of ſong
The deity alone.

A BIRTHDAY ODE,

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK—how the ſoul of Muſick reigns,
As when the firſt great birth of Nature ſprung!
When Chaos burſt his maſſy chains
'Twas thus the cherubs ſung:

AIR.

Hail—hail! from this auſpicious morn
Shall Britiſh glories riſe;
Now are the mighty treaſures born
That ſhall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the ſkies.

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners ſpread,
His lofty clarions roar,
Till warlike Echo fills with dread
The hoſtile Gallic ſhore.

AIR.

Mark—how his name with terrour fills!
The magick ſound Rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid Treaſons dwell;
The monſter ſhall no more ariſe,
Upon the ground ſhe panting lies;
Beneath his William's foot ſhe dies,
And now ſhe ſinks to hell.

RECITATIVE.

Haſte—let Ierne's harp be newly ſtrung,
And after mighty George be William ſung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William ſtands the firſt in ſtory;
He with Britiſh ardour glows:

See—the pride of Gallia fading!
See—the youthful warriour leading
Britons vengeful to their foes!

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boaſts,
Nor ſhall the din of war diſturb her coaſts:
While Stanhope ſmiles her ſons are bleſt,
In native loyalty confeſt.

AIR.

See—O ſee, thrice happy Iſle!
See what gracious George beſtow'd;
Twice * have you ſeen a Stanhope ſmile:
Theſe are gifts become a god!

How the grateful iſland glows!
Stanhope's name ſhall be rever'd
Whilſt by ſubjects and by foes
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Like Perſians, to the riſing ſun
Reſpectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun;
Salute the glorious day!

* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington, both ſucceſſively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

AN ODE

For the Birthday of

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Arma virumque cano. VIRG.

RECITATIVE.

More glorious than the comet's blaze
That thro' the ſtarry regions ſtrays,
From Zembla to the Torrid Zone
The mighty name of Pruſſia 's known.

AIR.

I.

Be baniſh'd from the books of Fame
Ye deeds in diſtant ages done!
Loſt and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal or Philip's ſon.
Could Greece or conq'ring Carthage ſing
A hero great as Pruſſia's king?

II.

Where reſtleſs Envy cann't explore,
Or flatter'd hope preſume to fly,
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick ſoar
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapid bolts tremendous break
Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blaſts that ſhake
The boſom of the frighted ſea.
Could Greece, &c.

IV.

In vain to ſhake the throne of Jove
With impious rage the Giants try'd;
'Gainſt Fred'rick's force the nations ſtrove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

V.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels
Thro' Virtue's ſacred paths they roll;
Immortal Truth his boſom ſteels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

VI.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In conſort with her brave ally
Saves her fair Roſes in the fields
Where Gaul's deteſted Lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendſhip ſpring
'Twixt mighty George and Pruſſia's king.

VII.

The jocund bowl let Britons raiſe,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;

Fill—to great Fred'rick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece or conq'ring Carthage ſing
A chieftain fam'd like Pruſſia's king?

AN ODE,

Compoſed for the Birthday of the late

GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

I.

The Muſes' harps, by Concord ſtrung,
Loud let them ſtrike the feſtal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Ariſe, paternal Glory! riſe,
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies.

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!
Like Britain's oak the hero ſtands
The ſhield—the ſhelter of the brave,
The guardian o'er the Britiſh bands.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

III.

He wreſts the wreath from Richlieu's* brows,
Which Fraud or Faction planted there;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition againſt Port-Mahon.

IV.

With partial conqueſt on their ſide
The ſons of Gaul—a pageant crew!
Rank but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney and his vanquiſh'd few.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

V.

Hibernia * with maternal care
His labour'd ſtatue lifts on high:
Be partial, Time!—the trophy ſpare,
That Blak'ney's name may never die.
Ariſe, paternal Glory! riſe,
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies.

* A ſtatue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

SONGS.

MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

I.

The ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly thro' the night
To wanton with the winding ſtream
And kiſs reflected light.

To beds of ſtate go, balmy Sleep!
('Tis where you 've ſeldom been)
May's vigil while the ſhepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In roſy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate
And give the promis'd May.

Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldeſt notes,
We 'll rouſe the nodding grove;
The neſted birds ſhall raiſe their throats
And hail the maid I love.

And ſee—the matin lark miſtakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond Bird! it is n't the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

IV.

Now lightſome o'er the level mead
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:

For ſee the roſy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy ſhepherds cry
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

I.

The courtly bard in verſe ſublime
May praiſe the toaſted belle;
A country maid (in careleſs rhyme)
I ſing—my Kitty Fell!

II.

When larks forſake the flow'ry plain,
And Love's ſweet numbers ſwell,
My pipe ſhall join their morning ſtrain
In praiſe of Kitty Fell.

III.

Where woodbines twiſt their fragrant ſhade,
And noontide beams repel,
I 'll reſt me on the tufted mead,
And ſing of Kitty Fell.

IV.

When moonbeams dance among the boughs
That lodge ſweet Philomel,
I 'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

V.

The pale-fac'd pedant burns his books,
The ſage forſakes his cell,
The ſoldier ſmooths his martial looks,
And ſighs for Kitty Fell.

VI.

Were mine, ye Great! your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell,
I 'd leave them for a lonely cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.

PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I SAID—on the banks by the ſtream
I 've pip'd for the ſhepherds too long;
Oh grant me, ye Muſes! a theme
Where glory may brighten my ſong.

But Pan * bade me ſtick to my ſtrain,
Nor leſſons too lofty rehearſe.
Ambition befits not a ſwain,
And Phillis loves paſtoral verſe.

The roſe, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath 's but a feeble perfume.

The dew-drop ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray
Wants luſtre, compar'd to her eyes.

* The Author intended the character of Pan for the late Mr Shenſtone, who favoured him with a letter or two adviſing him to proceed in the paſtoral manner.

III.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freſhneſs with her's to compare,
And fooliſhly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, Corydon! could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt;
You ſaid the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praiſe
My Phillis paſs'd ſportive along:
Ye Poets! I covet no bays;
She ſmil'd—a reward for my ſong!

I find the god Pan 's in the right,
No fame 's like the fair ones' applauſe!
And Cupid muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

I.

Let the declining damaſk roſe
With envious grief look pale;
The ſummer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale.

II.

Is there a ſweet that decks the field,
Or ſcents the morning gale,
Can ſuch a vernal fragrance yield
As Fanny of the Dale?

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeleſs, cold, and ſtale:
How faint their beauties when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale!

IV.

The willows bind Paſtora's brows,
Her fond advances fail;
For Damon pays his warmeſt vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

V.

Might honeſt Truth at laſt ſucceed,
And artleſs Love prevail,
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the Dale!

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

I.

No longer, Daphne! I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continu'd coyneſs kills deſire,
And famiſh'd paſſion dies.

Three tedious years I 've ſigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of diſdain
You ſcorn'd my am'rous tale.

II.

When Celia cry'd, " How ſenſeleſs ſhe
" That has ſuch vows refus'd!
" Had Damon giv'n his heart to me
" It had been kinder us'd.

" The man's a fool that pines and dies
" Becauſe a woman 's coy:
" The gentle bliſs that one denies
" A thouſand will enjoy."

III.

Such charming words, ſo void of art,
Surpriſing rapture gave;
And tho' the maid ſubdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a ſlave.

A wretch condemn'd ſhall Daphne prove,
While bleſt without reſtraint
In the ſweet calendar of Love
My Celia ſtands—a ſaint.

AMPHITRYON.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRYON and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and ſhe as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchleſs ſplendour held the nuptial feaſt;
Whilſt the high roof with loud applauſes rung,
Enraptur'd, thus the happy hero ſung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove, deſcending
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine,

His ſhafts of bolted thunder
With boldneſs I 'd deride:
Not Heav'n itſelf can ſunder
The hearts that Love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard—he look'd with vengeance down,
Till Beauty's glance diſarm'd his awful frown.
The magick impulſe of Alcmena's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his ſkies:
He feign'd the huſband's form, poſſeſs'd her charms,
And puniſh'd his preſumption in her arms.

AIR.

He deſerves ſublimeſt pleaſure
Who reveals it not when won:
Beauty 's like the miſer's treaſure;
Boaſt it—and the fool 's undone!

Learn by this, unguarded Lover!
When your ſecret ſighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue diſcover
Raptures that you ſhould conceal.

THYRSIS.

I.

The pendent foreſt ſeem'd to nod,
In drowſy fetters bound,
And Fairy elves in circles trod
The daiſy-painted ground;

When Thyrſis ſought the conſcious grove,
Of ſlighted vows to tell,
And thus (to ſooth neglected love)
Invok'd ſad Philomel:

II.

"The ſtars their ſilver radiance ſhed,
"And ſilence charms the plain;
"But where 's my Philomela fled
"To ſing her love-lorn ſtrain?

" Hither, ah! gentle Bird! in haſte
" Direct thy hov'ring wing;
" The vernal green 's a dreary waſte
" Till you vouchſafe to ſing.

III.

" So thrilling ſweet thy numbers flow,
" (Thy warbling ſong diſtreſt!)
" The tear that tells the lover's woe
" Falls cold upon my breaſt.

" To hear ſad Philomel complain
" Will ſoften my deſpair;
" Then quickly ſwell the melting ſtrain,
" And ſooth a lover's care."

IV.

" Give up all hopes, unhappy Swain!"
A liſt'ning ſage reply'd,
" For what can Conſtancy obtain
" From unrelenting Pride?"

The ſhepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death
Had ſeiz'd his trembling frame:
He bow'd, and with departing breath
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

I.

SINCE wedlock 's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all bachelors greeting theſe lines are premis'd.
I 'm a maid that would marry, but where ſhall I find
(I wiſh not for fortune) A Man to my Mind?

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of faſhion and lace;
Not the 'ſquire, that can wake to no joys but the chaſe;
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's The Man to my [Mind.

III.

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot, that topes world without end;
Not the drone, who cann't reliſh his bottle and friend;
Not the fool, that 's too fond nor the churl that 's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's The Man to my [Mind.

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Not the flaſh, that 's all fury without any ſpirit;
Not the fine maſter fribble, the ſcorn of mankind:
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's The Man to my [Mind.

V.

But the youth in whom merit and ſenſe may conſpire,
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould admire;

In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour com-
bin'd:
This—this—and no other, 's The Man to my Mind.

THE MILLER:

A BALLAD.

I.

In a plain pleaſant cottage conveniently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows—a freehold eſtate,
A well-meaning Miller by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are Health and Content;
Their Lordſhips in lace may remark if they will
He 's honeſt, tho' daub'd with the duſt of his Mill.

II.

Ere the lark's early carols ſalute the new day
He ſprings from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair.
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his boſom e'er fill;
Contented he works if there 's griſt for his Mill.

III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homeſpun array,
At church he 's the loudeſt to chaunt or to pray.

He ſits to a dinner of plain Engliſh food,
Tho' ſimple the pudding, his appetite 's good.
At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more bleſs'd than The Man of the Mill.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE:

A BALLAD.

I.

T' Other day as I ſat in the Sycamore Shade
Young Damon came whiſtling along;
I trembled—I bluſh'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
"Silly Heart!" I cry'd, "fy! what a flutter is here!
"Young Damon deſigns you no ill;
"The ſhepherd 's ſo civil you 'ave nothing to fear;
"Then pr'ythee, fond Urchin! lie ſtill."

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet;
One kiſs he demanded—no more;
But urg'd the ſoft preſſure with ardour ſo ſweet,
I could not begrudge him a ſcore.
My lambkins I 'ave kiſs'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie ſtill.

III.

When the ſun blazes fierce to the Sycamore Shade
For ſhelter I 'm ſure to repair;
And, Virgins! in faith I 'm no longer afraid
Altho' the dear ſhepherd be there.
At ev'ry fond kiſs that with freedom he takes
My heart may rebound if it will:
There 's ſomething ſo ſweet in the buſtle it makes,
I 'll die ere I bid it lie ſtill.

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE BY MR. SHIELD,

And ſung at Vauxhall.

In ſpring, my dear Shepherds! your flow'rets are gay,
They breathe all their ſweets in the ſunſhine of May,
But hang down their heads when December draws near:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er the plains,
All, all are in love while the ſummer remains;
Their ſweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The Seaſon for Love is when youth 's in its prime:
Ye Lads and ye Laſſes! make uſe of your time;
The froſt of old age will too quickly appear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

THE BIRTHDAY OF PHILLIS:

A BALLAD.

I.

'Tis the Birthday of Phillis; hark! how the birds ſing!
Their notes are remarkably ſweet;
The villagers brought all the honours of ſpring
And ſcatter'd their pride at her feet.

II.

With roſes and ribands her lambkins are crown'd;
A while they reſpectfully ſtand;
Then on the gay land with a frolick they bound,
But firſt take a kiſs from her hand.

III.

'Mongſt ſhepherds in all the gay round of the year
This, this is their principal day!
It gave Phillis Birth; and pray what can appear
More pleaſing or lovingly gay?

IV.

Hark! hark! how the tabor enlivens the ſcene!
Ye Lads with your Laſſes advance!
'Tis charming to ſport on a daiſy-dreſs'd green,
And Phillis ſhall lead up the dance.

V.

The Sun—and he ſhines in his brighteſt array,
As if on this feſtival proud,
In order to give us a beautiful day
Has baniſh'd each travelling cloud.

VI.

The prieſt paſs'd along, and my ſhepherdeſs ſigh'd!
Sweet Phillis!—I gueſs'd what ſhe meant:
We ſtole from the paſtimes—I made her my bride;
Her ſigh was the ſigh of conſent.

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON in the Hawthorn Bow'r
With fond impatience lay,
He counted ev'ry anxious hour
That ſtretch'd the tedious day.

The roſy dawn Paſtora nam'd,
And vow'd that ſhe 'd be kind;
But ah! the ſetting ſun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

II.

The fickle ſex the boy defy'd,
And ſwore in terms profane
That Beauty in her brighteſt pride
Might ſue to him in vain.

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was loſt in Delia's arms.

III.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Paſtora came;
"Inconſtancy," ſhe cry'd, "I find
"In ev'ry heart 's the ſame;

"For young Alexis ſigh'd and preſt
"With ſuch bewitching pow'r,
"I quite forgot the wiſhing gueſt
"That waited in the Bow'r."

THE WARNING.

I.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude;
If he ſigh'd or look'd tender ſhe cry'd he was rude:
Tho' he begg'd with devotion ſome eaſe for his pain,
The ſhepherd got nothing but frowns and diſdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly his ſuit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female ſhould fetter him more.

II.

He ſtrove with all caution to 'ſcape from the net,
But Chloe ſoon caught him—a finiſh'd coquet!
She glanc'd to his glances, ſhe ſigh'd to his ſighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas! for poor Colin, when put to the teſt,
Himſelf and his paſſion prov'd both but her jeſt.

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the ſnare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When ſhe found he had merit, and Love took his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they ſubmitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

IV.

As the roſebud of beauty ſoon ſickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two ſlighted old maids;
Now their ſweets are all waſted—too late they repent
For tranſports untaſted, for moments miſpent!
Ye Virgins! take Warning; improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

FANCY:

A SONG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

I.

FANCY leads the fetter'd ſenſes
Captives to her fond controul;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But it is Fancy fires the ſoul.

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
Fancy flies, a Fairy queen!
Fancy wit and worth diſdaining
Gives the prize to Harlequin.

III.

If the virgin 's falſe forgive her;
Fancy was your only foe.
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But it is Fancy twangs the bow.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-Britain's ſucceſs,
And told at Olympus each Gallick defeat,
Glad Mars ſent by Mercury orders expreſs
To ſummon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feaſt,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer,
Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
For exquiſite drinking
Their nectar was nothing to Newcaſtle Beer.

II.

The great god of War to encourage the fun
And humour the taſte of his whimſical gueſt,
Sent a meſſage that moment to Moor's * for a tun
Of ſtingo, the ſtonteſt, the brighteſt, and beſt.
No gods—they all ſwore,
Regal'd ſo before,

* Moor's, at the ſign of the Sun, Newcaſtle.

With liquor ſo lively, ſo potent and clear,
And each deify'd fellow
Got jovially mellow
In honour, brave Boys! of our Newcaſtle Beer.

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water ſo long;
He bow'd, being aſk'd by the muſical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore ſong;
But ere he began
He toſs'd off his cann;
There 's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear;
Then ſang with great merit
The flavour and ſpirit
His Godſhip had found in our Newcaſtle Beer.

IV.

'Twas ſtingo like this made Alcides ſo bold;
It brac'd up his nerves and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his myſtical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my Lads! but ſuch liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules ſlew
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:
Such a club wou'd you borrow
To drive away ſorrow
Apply for a jorum of Newcaſtle Beer.

V.

Ye Youngſters! ſo diffident, languid and pale,
Whom love like the cholick ſo rudely infeſts,
Take a cordial of this, it will *probatum* prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breaſts.
Dull whining deſpiſe,
Grow roſy and wiſe,
No longer the jeſt of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And ſmoke o'er a tankard of Newcaſtle Beer.

VI.

Ye fanciful Folk! for whom Phyſick preſcribes,
Whom bolus and potion have haraſs'd to death;
Ye Wretches! whom Law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you 're quite out of breath;
Here 's ſhelter and eaſe,
No craving for fees,
No danger—no doctor—no bailiff—is near;
Your ſpirits this raiſes,
It cures your diſeaſes;
There 's freedom and health in our Newcaſtle Beer.

HOLYDAY GOWN.

I.

In Holyday Gown and my newfangled hat
Laſt Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I 'll tell you for what,
Briſk Roger I gueſs'd wou'd be there;

He woos me to marry whenever we meet;
There 's honey ſure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me ſo cloſe, and he kiſſes ſo ſweet,
I 'd wed—if I were not too young.

II.

Fond Su I 'll aſſure you laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen would fain be his bride)
Some token ſhe claim'd, either riband or toy,
And ſwore that ſhe 'd not be dēny'd.

A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Suſan was cruelly ſtung:
I hate her ſo much, that to kill her with ſpleen
I 'd wed— if I were not too young.

III.

He whiſper'd ſuch ſoft pretty things in mine ear,
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and ſwore;
Such trinkets he gave me, ſuch laces and geer,
That truſt me—my pockets ran o'er.

Some ballads he bought me, the beſt he could find,
And ſweetly their burthen he ſung:
Good faith he is ſo handſome, ſo witty, and kind,
I 'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The ſun was juſt ſetting, it was time to retire;
(Our cottage was diſtant a mile)
I roſe to be gone—Roger bow'd like a ſquire,
And handed me over the ſtile.

His arms he threw round me—Love laugh'd in his eye;
He led me the meadows among,
There preſs'd me ſo cloſe, I agreed with a ſigh
To wed—for I was not too young.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

I.

Not an hundred years ſince, when Elections went round,
Old Honour and Truth were in Burgandy drown'd;
The ſons of Great Britain, both thirſty and wiſe,
Wide open'd their ſtomachs but cloſ'd up their eyes.
Derry down, &c.

II.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,
And Judgment no longer right balanc'd her ſcale;
In wine was fair Freedom remember'd no more,
And Caſh kick'd old Liberty out of the door.
Derry down, &c.

III.

When the Candidate offer'd they ſnatch'd at the coin,
Nor ſpar'd the brown bumper nor venal ſirloin;
Ate and drank when they could: it was concluded, my Friends!
They might faſt when the Candidate compaſs'd his ends.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Let the caſe now be alter'd; let talents be try'd,
Let national virtue alone be your guide;
Let us ſcorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
And vote for our country, forgetful of ſelf.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Let honour, let honeſty, ſtand in your view;
To freedom be conſtant, to liberty true.
Let me tell you, my Friends! the right nail you have hit
If you fix on the man that is a friend to old Pitt.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Let no low-minded motives your principles ſhake,
But weigh the caſe well for your ſafety is at ſtake.
For him that has honour and truth for his plan
Give your voices, my Boys! and it is S——e is the [man.
Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

Let the half-famiſh'd poet find fault with good cheer,
And forc'd to drink water deſpiſe our brown beer:
That there 's truth in full bumpers it cann't be deny'd;
Then toſs off your glaſſes—let Truth be our guide.
Derry down, &c.

II.

Poor Lewis the Little full fatally knows
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;

And the Sirloin, now knighted, that ſmokes on the board,
May in times of preferment be titled my Lord.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Let the ſcribblers exclaim; they 're a finical tribe!
May not we, like our betters, ſometimes take a bribe?
If caſh does not circulate properly—trade
Grows lazy, and lags like a founder'd old jade.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But to banter no longer—Our candidates ſeem
Men of honour, of worth, and of publick eſteem:
It were well for Dame Britain, her freedom and laws,
If ſuch, and ſuch only, e'er handled her cauſe.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Let their free open ſpirits be right underſtood;
Their conteſt is meant for their countrymen's good:
When danger alarms us or glory commands,
Our lives and our honours are ſafe in ſuch hands.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

That they both have their merits it muſt be allow'd;
But, ſons of cool Reaſon! ſtep forth from the crowd:
If weighty experience can balance the day,
Give your voices, my Boys! it is for S——e. Huzza!
Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

I.

WHERE the rich Wear * with wand'ring grace
In gay profuſion runs,
The guardian Genius of the place
Harangu'd his freeborn ſons:
The burthen of his ſacred ſtrain
Was "Shaftoe live! live gen'rous Vane!

II.

"Where Durham lifts her ſacred piles,
"Rever'd in Gothick pride,
"And Wiſdom with meridian ſmiles
"Expands on every ſide,
"Diſtinguiſh'd in bright Honour's train
"Stand Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane.

III.

"The noble heart that truth refines,
"(With conſcious worth replete)
"More uſeful than Peruvian mines,
"Adds virtues to the ſtate;
"Such patriot virtues as remain
"With Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane.

IV.

"Confirm, my Sons! confirm my choice,
"And call my fav'rites forth,
"Since Fame approves the gen'ral voice,
"And merit ſtamps their worth.

* The river Wear that runs through the city of Durham.

" None can your ſacred rights maintain
" Like Shaftoe and illuſtrious Vane."

V.

The Genius ceas'd—from ev'ry part
Applauſe like lightning ran;
Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,
And catch'd from man to man.
Loud echoes fill'd the gladd'ning plain
With Shaftoe live!—live, gen'rous Vane!

A SONG.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly preſt
While rapture fill'd each vein,
And as I touch'd her downy breaſt
Its tenant ſlept ſerene.

II.

So ſoft a calm in ſuch a part
Betrays a peaceful mind,
Whilſt my uneaſy flutt'ring heart
Would ſcarcely be confin'd.

III.

A ſtubborn oak the ſhepherd ſees
Unmov'd when ſtorms deſcend;
But ah! to ev'ry ſporting breeze
The myrtle bough muſt bend.

A SONG,

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

Tune—The Laſs of Patie's Mill.

I.

YES, ev'ry flow'r that blows
I paſs'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting Roſe
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.

It ſcented ev'ry breeze
That wanton'd o'er the ſtream,
Or trembled thro' the trees
To meet the morning beam.

II.

To deck that beauteous maid
Its fragrance cann't excel;
From ſome celeſtial ſhade
The damaſk charmer ſell:

And as her balmy ſweets
On Chloe's breaſt ſhe pours,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of Flow'rs.

A SONG.

I.

He that Love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the paſſage right
To the palace of Delight.

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and roſy health?
Without Love his tribute brings
Impotent unmeaning things!

III.

Gentle Shepherds! perſevere,
Still be tender, ſtill ſincere;
Love and Time united do
Wonders if the heart be true.

A THREE-PART CATCH.

'Tis in view—(the rich bleſſing kind Nature be-
To conquer our ſorrows or lighten the load) [ſtow'd
A full flaſk!—the rich nectar this bottle contains
In a flood of freſh rapture ſhall roll thro' our veins.
Let it bleed—and carouſing this liquor divine,
Sing an hymn to the god that firſt cultur'd the vine.

THE TOAST:

A CATCH.

GIVE the Toaſt--my good Fellow! be jovial and gay,
And let the briſk moments paſs jocund away.
Here 's the King—Take your bumpers, my brave
Britiſh ſouls!
Who guards your fair Freedom ſhould crown your
full bowls.
Let him live—long and happy, ſee Lewis brought
down,
And taſte all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

I.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bow'rs
In elegant array,
And ſcatters all her op'ning flow'rs
A compliment to May,

II.

With glowing joy my boſom beats,
I gaze delighted round,
And wiſh to ſee the various ſweets
In one rich noſegay bound.

III.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd
To bleſs my wond'ring view,
I ſee them all—my beauteous Maid!
I ſee them all in—you.

EPISTLES.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

Let bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And timid at untasted joy
Thro' fearfulness refuse.

Will you—the pleasing conflict try'd,
Tho' sure to conquer—fly?
In you—the sacred zone unty'd,
'Tis peevish to deny.

But if, my Fair! the Widow's name
Hold gracious with you still,
The god of Love has form'd a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Oppress with warm desire)
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

Thou 'lt be a Widow ev'ry night,
(Thy wondrous pow'r confeſt!)
And as I die in dear delight
My tomb ſhall be thy breaſt.

TO DELIA.

Say, my Charmer! right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue;
Be ſincere, or elſe deceive;
Say you love—and I 'll believe.

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it ſtrange
Time ſhould make a lover change?
Time brings all things to an end;
Courage cann't the blow defend.
See! the proud aſpiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal ſtroke:
If on Beauty's cheek he prays,
Straight the roſy bloom decays;
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at Time's approach—expires.
How can Chloe think it ſtrange
Time ſhould make a lover change?

TO CHLOE,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

I.

CONSIDER, sweet Maid! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breaſt;
It is not an haughty behaviour
Will ſet off thy charms to the beſt.

II.

The ocean when calm may delight you,
But ſhould a bold tempeſt ariſe,
The billows enrag'd wou'd affright you,
Loud objects of awful ſurpriſe.

III.

'Tis thus when good humour diffuſes
Its beams o'er the face of a fair,
With rapture his heart a man loſes,
While frowns turn love to deſpair.

TO MR ——.

I.

YES, Colin, it is granted you flutter in lace,
You whiſper and dance with the fair;
But Merit advances, it is your's to give place;
Stand off, and at diſtance revere:

Nor teaſe the ſweet maid with your jargon of chat,
By her ſide as you ſaunter along,
Your taſte—your complexion—your this—and your that,
Nor liſp out the end of your ſong.

II.

For folly and faſhion you barter good ſenſe,
(If ſenſe ever fell to your ſhare)
'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.

No end you can anſwer; affections you 've none;
Made only for prattle and play:
Like a butterfly, baſk'd for a while in the ſun,
You 'll die undiſtinguiſh'd away.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

Advance to fame—advance reveal'd;
Let conſcious worth be bold:
Why have you lain ſo long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy diſcern
Your genius brought to light;
And many a Somebody ſhall learn
From Nobody to write.

APOLLO

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

From my critical court, at a quarterly meeting,
To my Harrowgate ſubjects this embaſſy greeting.
Whereas from the veteran poets complaint is
Their Works are no longer conſider'd as dainties,
And Shakeſpeare, and Congreve, and Farquhar, and others
The tragical—comical—farcical brothers,
Petition us oft' for ſome gents and ſome ladies,
(Our ſubjects no doubt, ſince dramatick their trade is.)
We govern their ſtational ſtage by direction,
And ſend 'em to you for your friendly protection;
'Tis Apollo invites, with ſome ladies, (the Muſes)
We denounce him immenſely ill-bred that refuſes.
Be it known by the bye, from our Helicon fountain,
Enrich'd by the ſoil of Parnaſſus's mountain,
Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding,
Produces fine ſenſe, with true taſte, and good breeding.
Talk of Taſte—none but Heathens will call it in queſtion:
Yet ſome inſolent wits might advance a ſuggeſtion,
While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
But find no Mæcenas to ſmile on their labours.
Thus far we 've proceeded your favour to curry,
And could tell ye much more—but we write in a hurry.

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

WHETHER he is worth your ſpleen or not
You 've aſk'd me to determine:
I wiſh my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermine.
A blockhead cann't be worth our care
Unleſs that we 'd befriend him:
As you 've ſome common ſenſe to ſpare
I 'll pay you what you lend him.

APOLLO.

PROLOGUES.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening of the Theatre at York, after it was elegantly enlarged.

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your Heathen gods were always fond of ſtrolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night attended by a tempeſt came on,
And as the rain fell pattering helter ſkelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for ſhelter.

Philemon plac'd his Godſhip cloſe beſide him,
While Goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him:
With more benevolence than one that is richer,
He ſpread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And fond to give his gueſt a male of pleaſure,
Sung a rough ſong in his rude country meaſure.

Jove was ſo pleas'd with theſe good-natur'd fallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taſte, like great Jupiter, came here to try us;
(Oft' from the boxes we perceived her ſpy us)
Whether ſhe lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether ſhe found that we deſerv'd her favours,
I know not; but it is certain ſhe commanded
Our humble theatre ſhould be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended;
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye,
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs to meet ye.
Pedants would fix her residence with Heathens,
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening an elegant little Theatre at Whitby.

From Shakespeare——Johnson——Congreve——Rowe ——and others——
The laurell'd list, the true Parnassian brothers,
Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.
Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compliance;
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance;
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And Taste is determin'd by their approbation.
The Tragick Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terrour;
And as the fiend departs——abash'd——discarded——
Imperial Virtue is with the palm rewarded.
The Comick glass, from modern groups collected,
Shews fops and fools of every class——dissected;
It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature
We'll blend with honeſt mirth ſome wholeſome ſatire.
Now for our bark—The veſſel 's tight and able,
New built—new rigg'd [*pointing to the ſcenes*] with
canvaſs—maſt—and cable.
Let her not ſink—or be unkindly ſtranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed:
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together
'Tis your kind plaudit muſt command the weather.
Nor halcyon ſeas—nor gentle gales attend us
Till this fair circle with their ſmiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE,

On the opening the Theatre at Whitby the enſuing Seaſon.

O'ER the wild waves unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home,
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue boſoms—'twixt the ſeas and ſkies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecſtaſies, by Fancy dreſt,
What filial ſentiments, expand his breaſt!
In the full happineſs he forms on ſhore
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues, are felt no more.
Such are the joys that in our boſoms burn,
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return;
With ſuch warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay once more our labours at your feet.

Not without hopes your patronage will laſt;
We bend with gratitude for favours paſt.
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale—nor ſtarted ev'n a ſplinter,
We bow to Beauty—it was thoſe ſmiles ſecur'd her,
And thank our patrons who ſo kindly moor'd her:
Still—ſtill—extend your gentle cares to ſave her,
That ſhe may anchor long in Whitby's—favour.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke in the Character of a Sailor, on opening the New Theatre at North-Shields.

Hollow! my Maſters! where d' ye mean to ſtow us?
[*Without.*
We 're come to ſee what paſtime ye can ſhew us.
Sal, ſtep aloft—you ſha'n't be long without me;
I 'll walk their quarterdeck and look about me.
[*Enters.*
Tom and Dick Topſail are above—I hear 'em;
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sal—ſit near 'em.
Sal 's a ſmart laſs—I 'd hold a butt of ſtingo
In three weeks time ſhe 'd learn the playhouſe lingo.
She loves your plays; ſhe underſtands their meaning:
She calls 'em---Moral Rules made entertaining.
Your Shakeſpeare books, ſhe knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myſelf (at ſea) have read---a little.

At London, Sirs! when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a-playhouſe ſporting.
Maſs! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd ſonatas.
Give me the merry ſons of guts and roſin, [Dawſon."
That play——"God ſave the King," and "Nancy
Well——tho' the frigate 's not ſo much bedizen'd
[*Looking about.*
'Tis ſnug enough!---it is clever for the ſize on't;
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.
Bell rings.] Avaſt!---A ſignal for the lanch, I fancy:
What ſay you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy*?
Since they have trimm'd the pleaſure-barge ſo tightly
Sha'n't you, and I, and Sal, come ſee them nightly?
The jolly crew will do their beſt endeavours;
They 'll grudge no labour to deſerve your favours:
A luckier fate they ſwear can ne'er bahap 'em
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you---clap 'em.

A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME.

Spoke at Scarborough.

WHERE is this author? [*Entering.*]---Bid the wretch appear;
Let him come in, and wait for judgment——here;

* To the Gallery.

'This awful jury all impatient wait;
Let him come in, I ſay, and meet his fate.
Strange, very ſtrange, if ſuch a piece ſucceeds!
(Puniſh the culprit for his vile miſdeeds)
Know ye to-night that his preſumptuous works
Have turn'd good Chriſtians into---Heathen Turks!
And if the genius an't corrected ſoon,
In his next trip he 'll mount us to the moon.
Methinks I hear him ſay---" For mercy's ſake
" Hold your raſh tongue---my Love and Fame 's at ſtake.
" When you behold me---diffident---diſtreſt,
" 'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jeſt.
" Well---if you will---but why ſhould I diſtruſt?
" My judges are as merciful as juſt;
" I know them well, have oft' their friendſhip try'd,
" And their protection is my boaſt---my pride.
Hoping to pleaſe he form'd this buſtling plan;
Hoping to pleaſe! it is all the Moderns can.
Faith! let him 'ſcape, let Love and Fame ſurvive;
With your kind ſanction keep his ſcenes alive:
Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)
Nor cruſh the bardling in this hard attempt.
Could he write up to an illuſtrious theme,
There 's mark'd upon the regiſter of Fame
A ſubject---but beyond the warmeſt lays;
Wonder muſt paint when it is a G--nby's praiſe.

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the New Theatre in Newcaſtle, 1766.

If to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals---to enlarge the mind,
To ſtrip the ſelf-deceiving paſſions bare,
With honeſt mirth to kill an ev'ning's care;
If theſe kind motives can command applauſe,
For theſe the motley ſtage her curtain draws.
Does not the poet, that exiſts by praiſe,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (ſtill trembling for his ſtore)
Pleas'd when he graſps a glitt'ring thouſand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious ſeas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliſs?
To ev'ry queſtion we 'll reply with---Yes.
Suppoſe them gratify'd---their full delight
Falls ſhort of ours on this auſpicious night,
When rich in happineſs---in hopes elate,
Taſte has receiv'd us to our fav'rite ſeat.
O that the ſoul of action were but ours,
And the vaſt energy of vocal pow'rs!
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For theſe kind judges that in candour ſit.
Before ſuch judges we confeſs with dread
Theſe new dominions we preſume to tread;

Yet if you ſmile we 'll boldly do our beſt,
And leave your favours to ſupply the reſt.

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN,

A little Piece adapted to the Stage from the celebrated Poem of Oſſian the Son of Fingal, ſpoke at Edinburgh.

To form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the ſleepy ſtage a nobler ſpirit,
To touch a ſacred Muſe and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our Compiler.
Tho' Caution told him——the preſumption is
Dauntleſs he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring! [glaring,
"Can we peruſe a pathos more than Attic,
"Nor wiſh the golden meaſure ſtamp'd dramatick?
"Here are no lines--in meaſur'd pace that trip it,
"No modern ſcenes---ſo lifeleſs! ſo inſipid!
"Wrought by a Muſe---(no ſacred fire debarr'd her)
"'Tis nervous! noble! it is true northern ardour!"
Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards! no longer worth the naming)
"In ſong the northern tribes ſo far ſurpaſs us,
"One of their Highland hills they 'll call Parnaſſus,
"And from the ſacred mount decrees ſhall follow
"That Oſſian was himſelf---the true Apollo."

Spite of this flaſh---this high poetick fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury.
As from his text he ne'er preſum'd to wander,
But gives the native Offian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we ſubmit him;
Condemn---or rather (if you can) acquit him.

A PROLOGUE,

TO RULE A WIFE.

Spoken at Edinburgh.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew;
A ſtrange irregular he ſets in view!
'Mongſt us---thank Heav'n---the character is unknown,
(Bards have creative faculties we own)
And this appears a picture from his brain,
Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.
Should we the portrait with the ſex compare,
'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
Their merit 's by the foil conſpicuous made,
And they 'd ſeem brighter from contraſting ſhade.
Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor ſhould ſuch antiquated maxims hold.
Shall ſubject man aſſert ſuperiour ſway,
And dare to bid the angel-ſex obey?
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Deſpotick call the reigns of pow'r his own?

Forbid it all that 's gracious—that 's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet tho' from Fletcher's ſchool,
That ev'ry huſband has a right to rule.
A matrimonial medium may be hit
Where neither governs, but where both ſubmit.
The nuptial torch with decent brightneſs burns
Where male and female condeſcend by turns:
Change then the phraſe, the horrid text amend,
And let the word Obey——be Condeſcend.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Diggs, on opening the Edinburgh Theatre in 1763.

To rectify ſome errours that of late
Had crept into the boſom of our ſtate;
To court Propriety, a matron chaſte!
To make ſtrong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taſte;
To alter—to adapt—to plan—revive,
To ſpare no pains to make the drama thrive;
Theſe are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty * ſanction'd, and approv'd by Senſe †.
Suppoſe ſome Corydon—ſome country ſwain,
Enamour'd of ſome Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn ſhould ſeek the dappled glade,
To form a noſegay for the fav'rite maid;

* The Boxes. † The Pit.

When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the faireſt from the flow'ry ranks,
He 'd range in order ev'ry blooming ſweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.
So the fair fields of fancy we 'll explore,
And ſearch the gardens of dramatick lore,
Of choiceſt fragrance and of various hue,
To form thoſe chaplets we compoſe for you.
Now to attack you in a martial ſtrain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may ſucceed,
Have march'd freſh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young ſoldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Tho' univerſal patronage be here)
Let me beſpeak before the curtain riſe
Some kind impreſſions for our new ſupplies.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's firſt Appearance there.

In early days, when errour ſway'd mankind,
The ſcene was cenſur'd and the ſtage confin'd
As the fine arts a nobler taſte ſupply'd
Old Prejudice grew fainter——droop'd——and dy'd.
Merit from ſanction muſt deduce her date
If ſhe 'd arrive at a meridian height;

Forbid it all that 's gracious---that 's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet tho' from Fletcher's ſchool,
That ev'ry huſband has a right to rule.
A matrimonial medium may be hit
Where neither governs, but where both ſubmit.
The nuptial torch with decent brightneſs burns
Where male and female condeſcend by turns:
Change then the phraſe, the horrid text amend,
And let the word Obey——be Condeſcend.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Diggs, on opening the Edinburgh Theatre in 1763.

To rectify ſome errours that of late
Had crept into the boſom of our ſtate;
To court Propriety, a matron chaſte!
To make ſtrong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taſte;
To alter——to adapt——to plan——revive,
To ſpare no pains to make the drama thrive;
Theſe are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty * ſanction'd, and approv'd by Senſe †.
Suppoſe ſome Corydon——ſome country ſwain,
Enamour'd of ſome Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn ſhould ſeek the dappled glade,
To form a noſegay for the fav'rite maid;

* The Boxes. † The Pit.

When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the faireſt from the flow'ry ranks,
He 'd range in order ev'ry blooming ſweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.
So the fair fields of fancy we 'll explore,
And ſearch the gardens of dramatick lore,
Of choiceſt fragrance and of various hue,
To form thoſe chaplets we compoſe for you.
Now to attack you in a martial ſtrain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may ſucceed,
Have march'd freſh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young ſoldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Tho' univerſal patronage be here)
Let me beſpeak before the curtain riſe
Some kind impreſſions for our new ſupplies.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. Bellamy's firſt Appearance there.

In early days, when errour ſway'd mankind,
The ſcene was cenſur'd and the ſtage confin'd
As the fine arts a nobler taſte ſupply'd
Old Prejudice grew fainter——droop'd——and dy'd.
Merit from ſanction muſt deduce her date
If ſhe 'd arrive at a meridian height;

From ſanction is the Engliſh ſtage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.
If from that ſtage an actreſs fill'd with fears,
New to this northern ſcene, to-night appears,
Intent—howe'er unequal to the flight,
To hit—what criticks call—the *happy right*;
She builds not on your ſiſter's * fond applauſe,
But timidly to you ſubmits her cauſe:
For taſte refin'd may as judicial ſit
Here—as ſhe found her in an Engliſh pit.
Your plaudit muſt remove the ſtranger's fear;
The ſons of Genius are the leaſt ſevere.
Some favour from the fair ſhe 's ſure to find;
So ſweet a circle cannot but be kind.
Then to your candid patronage ſhe 'll truſt,
And hopes you gracious—as we know you juſt.

A PROLOGUE,

On reviving The Merchant of Venice, at the Time the Bill had paſſed for naturalizing the Jews.

'Twixt the ſons of the ſtage, without penſions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are ſome ſimilar caſes;
Since time out of mind, or they 're wrong'd much by ſlander,
Both lawleſs alike have been ſentenc'd to wander;

* London.

Then faith it is full time we appeal to the nation
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on.
Lard! that word is ſo uncouth!—it is ſo irkſome to ſpeak it!
But it is Hebrew, I believe, and that is taſte, as I take it.
Well—now to the point—I 'm ſent here with commiſſion
To preſent this fair circle our humble petition;
But conſcious what hopeswe ſhould have of ſucceeding
Without (as they phraſe it) ſufficiently bleeding,
And convinc'd we 've no funds, nor old gold we can rake up,
Like our good fathers—Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob,
We muſt frankly confeſs we have nought to preſent ye
But Shakeſpeare's old Sterling—Pray let it content ye.
This Shylock the Jew, whom we mean to reſtore ye,
Was nat'raliz'd oft' by your fathers before ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindeſt compaſſion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the faſhion,

A PROLOGUE,

For ſome Country Lads performing The Devil of a Wife in the Chriſtmas holydays.

In days of yore when round the jovial board,
With harmleſs mirth and ſocial plenty ſtor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols ſung, or told the Chriſtmas tale,
In ſtruts St George, Old England's champion knight,
With haſty ſteps, impatient to recite
How he had kill'd the dragon once in fight.
From ev'ry ſide—from Troy—from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to ſwell the motley piece,
And while their deeds of proweſs they rehearſe,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verſe.
Intent to raiſe this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs our ſimple ſtage-play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confeſs,
But give you Nature in her homeſpun dreſs:
No heroes here—no martial men of might;
A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
His ſtrap more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoneſs, a ſcold.
Indulgent then ſupport the cobbler's cauſe,
And tho' he may n't deſerve it ſmile applauſe.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER *:

Spoke at Shrewſbury, where Mr. Farquhar is ſaid to have wrote that Comedy.

FROM the fair manſions of illuſtrious ſhades,
From groves of bliſs, poetick painted meads,
Should Farquhar deck'd with deathleſs laurels come
Obedient to his own Recruiting drum;
Conſcious to-night of the ſuperiour grace,
The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,
Here would he fix—enraptur'd here abide,
And change Elyſium for the Severn's ſide.
Let boaſting Rome of one Mæcenas tell,
Countleſs are thoſe that by the Severn dwell;
Parnaſſus' Mount let future bards diſclaim,
Hark! how the Wrekin's† hoſpitable name
Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame!
Sabrina‡! ſofteſt nymph that glides along,
Winding and various as her Farquhar's ſong,

* Mr Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewſbury.

‡ The poetical name for the river Severn.

Indulgent ſmil'd to bleſs the Poet's toil,
And ſtraight his bays bloom'd freſh, and own'd the gen'rous ſoil.

Here—Beauty beams, with ſocial ſweetneſs mix'd!
Here—true Politeneſs has her ſtandard fix'd!
Here—let the Muſe her ſacred numbers ſwell,
And here let ſportive Wit and gay-dreſt Humour dwell!

O, may our ſecondary labours find
The brave propitious and the beauteous kind!
So may Salopian plains that bloom ſo gay
Ne'er know a blaſt, but wear perpetual May!

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh by Mrs. Bellamy to the Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra.

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian
Is finely drawn; it glows in the deſcription:
But modern love can ne'er maintain its ſtation,
So many different *goûts* divide the nation.
The man of ſenſe diſdains the ſoft'ning paſſion;
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the faſhion;
The *bon vivant* prefers the feaſt conviv'al;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival;
Beſides the gentle race—the *petit maitres!*
The ſet inſenſible of happy *creatures*:
So coy—ſo cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em;
So nice, that nothing but themſelves can charm 'em.
But hold—I run too faſt without reflection;
(Each gen'ral rule admits of ſome exception.)
Here * it is allow'd imperial Beauty governs,
And there† the conquer'd ſex adore their ſov'reigns.
Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare
The grateful homage of an heart ſincere:
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night.

* Boxes. † Pit.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Edinburgh in the Character of Lady Fanciful.

FANCY, we 're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whoſe original is Gallic,
Set up to ſale their vaſt miſshapen daughter,
And Britain by a large ſubſcription bought her.

The fertile ſoil grew fond of this exotick,
And nurs'd her till her pow'r became deſpotick;
Till ev'ry would-be beauty in the nation
Did homage at the ſhrine of Affectation:
But Common Senſe will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) diſown her.
If ſhe attempts the dimpled ſmile delightful,
The dimpled ſmile of Affectation 's frightful.
Mark but her *bagatelles*—her whine—her whimper—
Her loll—her liſp—her ſaunter—ſtare—her ſimper:
All *outres*, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would ſoon expire without her.

Look for a grace and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow ſhe miſguides it:
So aukwardly ſhe mends unmeaning faces,
To Inſipidity ſhe gives—grimaces.

Without her dear coquettiſh arts to aid 'em
Fine ladies would be juſt as—Nature made 'em;
Such ſenſible—ſincere—domeſtick creatures,
The jeſt of modern *belles* and *petit maitres*.

Safe with good ſenſe this circle 's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom 's—here a ſtranger
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her:
For truſt me, Ladies! ſhe 'd deform your faces,
And with a ſingle glance deſtroy the Graces.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Norwich in the Character of Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, in Love in a Village.

After the dangers of a long probation,
When, Sibyl like, ſhe 's ſkill'd in penetration;
When ſhe has conquer'd each unruly paſſion,
And rides above the rocks that others daſh on;
When deeply mellow'd with reſerve and rigour,
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wiſh the wife would tell us,
Should be the ſtanding jeſt of flirts and fellows?
In maxims ſage, in eloquence how clever!
Without a ſubject ſhe can talk—for ever!
Rich in old ſaws can bring a ſentence pat in,
And quote upon occaſion lawyers' Latin.
Set up that toaſt, that culprit, *nobus eorum*;
'Tis done—and ſhe 's demoliſh'd in *turrorum*.
If an old maid 's a dragoneſs on duty
To guard the golden fruit of ripening beauty,

'Tis right, for fear the giddy ſex ſhould wander,
To keep them in reſtraint by decent ſlander.
When ſlips are made it is eaſy ſure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair deſign'd them.
As for the men, whoſe ſatire oft hath ſtung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long ſuits and buſy miſchiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undeny'd, and the aſſertion 's common,
That modern Phyſick is a mere old woman.
The puny fop that ſimpers o'er his tea diſh,
And cries—Indeed—Miſs Deb'rah 's—quite old-maidiſh!
Of doubtful ſex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all reſpects is but a virgin *creature*.
Jeſting apart, and moral truths adjuſting,
There 's nothing in the ſtate itſelf diſguſting:
Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
Are valu'd from propriety of carriage:
If gentle leaſe, if ſweet diſcretion, guide 'em,
It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em:
And virtue is virtue, be ſhe maid or wedded;
A certain truth! ſay—Deb'rah Woodcock ſaid it.

AN EPILOGUE,

To The Muse of Ossian, spoke at Edinburgh.

In fond romance let Fancy reign creative;
Valour among the northern hills is native:
The northern hills, it is prov'd by Ossian's story,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour,
Repel in love or war the hero's vigour.
When Honour call'd the youth disdain'd to ponder,
And as he fought the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
The brave by Beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.
If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard at home had ev'ry power descriptive;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warriour to the skies of glory.
That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us.
The sway of northern beauty if disputed,
Look round, ye Infidels! and stand confuted.
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
They 're such—the sacred Ossian cann't disown 'em.
To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken in the Character of Lady Townly, in The Provok'd Husband.

At Lady---Let me recollect---whose night is it?
No matter---at a circle the politest,
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.
" A wife reclaim'd, and by an husband's rigour,
" A wife with all her appetites in vigour,
" Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!
" Where was her pride? of ev'ry spark divested,
" To mend because a prudish husband press'd it!
" What! to prefer his dull domestick quiet
" To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot!
" Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,
" Because at ten she 's by her spouse expected?
" Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature!
" Do n't you, my Dears! despise the servile creature?"
Prudence, altho' the company be good,
Is often heard, and sometimes understood.
Suppose, to justify my reformation,
She 'd give the circle this concise oration.
" Ye giddy group of fashionable Wives!
" That in continu'd riot waste your lives,
" Did ye but see the demons that descend,
" The cares convulsive that on cards attend,

" The midnight ſpectres that ſurround your chairs,
" (Rage reddens here---there Avarice deſpairs)
" You 'd ruſh for ſhelter where contentment lies,
" To the domeſtick bleſſings you deſpiſe.
" Or if you 've no regard to moral duty,
" ('Tis trite but true)---Quadrille will murder Beauty.
Taſte is abaſh'd, (the culprit;) I 'm acquitted;
They praiſe the character they lately pity'd:
They promiſe to reform---relinquiſh play,
So break the tables up at---break of day.

AN EPILOGUE,

Deſign'd to be ſpoke at Alnwick, on reſigning the Playhouſe to a Party detached from the Edinburgh Theatre.

To Alnwick's lofty ſeat, a ſylvan ſcene!
To riſing hills from diſtance doubly green,
Go---ſays the god of Wit, my ſtandard bear,
Theſe are the manſions of the great and fair *;
'Tis my Olympus now; go ſpread my banners there.
Led by fond Hope the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flow'ry place.
Here---we behold a gently waving wood,
There---we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood.
The landſcape ſmiles---the fields gay fragrance wear;
Soft ſcenes are all around---refreſhful air.
Slender repaſt indeed, and but chamelion fare.

* The Earl and Counteſs of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Warkworth, &c.

A troop at certain times compell'd to shift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,
By tyrant managers a while consign'd
To fatten on what forage they can find,
With lawless force our liberty invades,
And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
But we (since Prejudice erects her scale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be undone.

With gratitude still we 'll acknowledge the favours
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours:
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,
And wish we could say we gave place to our betters.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. G——, at her Benefit.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in poetick lays,
I 'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I 've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighb'ring poultry gathers round.
Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way;

His consort next, she guides her chirt'ring train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast.

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest)
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat,
And thinks the hostess thank'd that he vouchsaf'd to eat.
A linnet perching on a neighb'ring tree
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew
Feasted, as most at free expense will do;
Then singling from the mercenary throng,
Repaid the gen'rous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you 'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke by a Child of nine Years old.

As the wise ones within have assur'd me it is com-
For chits of my age to be aping the woman, [mon

To prove that I 've talents as well as another,
Good Folks!—I ran forward—in ſpite of my mother.
Don't tell me, ſays I—They ſhall know how the caſe is;
I 'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces:
I was born a coquette—and by Goles I 'm not idle;
I can ogle already—look peeviſh, and bridle.
And I 'll practiſe new geſtures each night and each morning
'Gainſt I reach to my teens—ſo I give ye fair warning.
Tho' I move ye at preſent with nothing but laughter,
Look well to your hearts, Beaux!—I 'll ſwinge ye hereafter.
Have patience then, pray; and by practice grown bolder,
I 'll promiſe to pleaſe if I live to grow older.

EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great,
Paſs'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of ſtate,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney ſhall receive the praiſe
His Lordſhip would parade for;
One 's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's ſhoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

To Waſteall, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door;
"In peace," cry'd the wretch, "let me give up my breath,
"And Fate will ſoon rub out my ſcore."

"Come, Bailiffs," cries Doll, "(how I'll hamper this cheat!)
"Let the law be no longer delay'd;
"I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
"And by G—d he ſha'n't die till I 'm paid."

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill 's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
"Old Rancour the report hath ſpread;
"But Genius cannot die."

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compoſe the Gordian ſtring,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her ſpouſe.

ANACREON,

ODE V. IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

SHED Roſes in the ſprightly juice
Prepar'd for every ſocial uſe,
So ſhall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.
Ourſelves, with roſy chaplets bound,
Shall ſing and ſet the goblet round.
Thee, ever gentle Roſe! we greet;
We worſhip thee, delicious Sweet!
For tho' by mighty gods careſt
You deign to make us mortals bleſt.
The Cupids and the Graces fair
With myrtle ſprigs adorn their hair,
And nimbly ſtrike celeſtial ground,
Eternal Roſes blooming round.
Bring us more ſweets ere theſe expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre;
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial ſon,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite tune
Among the ſporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auſpicious ſhades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We 'll dance the jovial hours away.

ANACREON,

ODE IX. IMITATED.

THE DOVE.

"Tell me," said I, "my beauteous Dove!
"(If an embassadress from Love)
"Tell me on what soft errand sent
"Thy gentle flight is this way bent?
"Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed,
"As in the quiv'ring breeze they spread."
"A message," says the Bird, "I bear
"From fond Anacreon to the fair;
"A virgin of celestial grace,
"The Venus of the human race!
"Me for an hymn or amorous ode
"The Paphian Venus once bestow'd;
"To the sweet hand, for whom I 'd fly
"Unweary'd to the farthest sky.
"Thro' the soft air he bade me glide,
"(See to my wing his billet tied)
"And told me it was his kind decree
"When I return'd to set me free.
"'Twould prove me but a simple bird
"To take Anacreon at his word.
"Why should I hide me in the wood,
"Or search for my precarious food,
"When I 've my master's leave to stand
"Cooing upon his friendly hand?

" When I can be profuſely fed
" With crumbs of his ambroſial bread,
" And welcom'd to his nectar bowl
" Sip the rich drops that fire the ſoul,
" Till in fantaſtick rounds I ſpread
" My flutt'ring pinions o'er his head:
" Or if he ſtrike the trembling wire
" I perch upon my fav'rite lyre,
" Till lull'd into luxuriant reſt
" Sleep ſteals upon my raptur'd breaſt.
" Go, Stranger!—to your buſineſs—go;
" I 've told you all you wiſh'd to know;
" Go, Stranger!—and I think you 'll ſay
" This prattling Dove 's an arrant jay!"

ANACREON,

ODE XIV. IMITATED.

Why did I with Love engage?
Why provoke his mighty rage?
True it is the wand'ring child
Met me with an aſpect mild,
And beſought me like a friend
At his gentle ſhrine to bend:
True, from my miſtaken pride
Due devotion was deny'd,
Till (becauſe I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.

Now I 'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd;
But an Achilean spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the sky.
Wounded thro' the woods I run
Follow'd still by Beauty's son;
Arrows in malignant show'rs
Still the angry urchin pours,
Till exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the god—oh! a diving dart!
Shoots himself into my heart.
Freedom I must now resign;
Victory, oh Love! is thine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within?

ANACREON,

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

Old Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress,
Drink from her kind maternal breast.

Lest angry Ocean should be dry
The River-gods their stores supply:

The monarch of the glowing Day
Drinks large potations from the sea;
And the pale empress of the Night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All—all things drink—Abstemious Sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage!

ANACREON,

ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Soon as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle Bird! you fly,
And with golden sunshine blest
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.
When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming Bird! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.
Like the Swallow, Love! depart;
Respite for a while my heart.
No; he 'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping thro' the shell:

In a ſtate unfiniſh'd riſe
Thouſands of a ſmaller ſize.
Till their noiſy chirpings ceaſe
Never ſhall my heart have peace.
Feather'd ones the younglings feed
Till mature they 're fit to breed;
Then, to ſwell the crowded ſtore,
They produce their thouſands more;
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breaſt their vaſt amount.

ANACREON,

ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

As I wove with wanton care
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond deſign
What the fields had freſh and fine,
Cupid—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowſlip bell,
While he plum'd a pointed dart
Fated to inflame the heart.
Glowing with malicious joy
Sudden I ſecur'd the boy,
And regardleſs of his cries
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet ſtood
Teeming with a roſy flood.
" Urchin!" in my rage I cry'd,
" What avails thy ſaucy pride?

" From thy busy vengeance free
" Triumph now belongs to me!
" Thus——I drown thee in my cup;
" Thus——in wine I drink thee up."

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder Love I quafft:
O'er my bosom's fond domains
Now the cruel tyrant reigns,
On my heart's most tender strings
Striking with his wanton wings.
I 'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of Love.

IMITATION,

FROM ANACREON.

Fill me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up;
From my veins the thirsty Day
Quaffs the vital strength away.

Let a wreath my temples shield
Fresh from the enamell'd field;
These declining roses bow
Blasted by my sultry brow.

Flow'rets by their friendly aid
From the sunbeams form a shade;
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with intense desire)
Is there in the deepest grove
Shelter from the beams of Love?

THE DANCE,

ANACREONTICK.

HARK! the ſpeaking ſtrings invite;
Muſick calls us to delight:
See! the maids in meaſures move,
Winding like the maze of love:
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is ſpread
Roſy Cupid's native red,
And from ev'ry ſparkling eye
Pointed darts at random fly.
Love and active Youth advance
Foremoſt in the ſprightly dance.
As the magick numbers riſe
Thro' my veins the poiſon flies;
Raptures not to be expreſt
Revel in my throbbing breaſt:
Jocund as we beat the ground
Love and harmony go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliſs)
Gives her youth a roſy kiſs;
Such a kiſs as might inſpire
Thrilling raptures—ſoft deſire:
Such Adonis might receive,
Such the queen of Beauty gave

When the conquer'd goddeſs ſtrove
(In the conſcious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.
Let not pride our ſports reſtrain;
Baniſh hence the prude Diſdain!
Think—ye Virgins! if you 're coy,
Think—ye rob yourſelves of joy;
Every moment you refuſe
So much ecſtaſy you loſe:
Think—how faſt theſe moments fly;
If you ſhould too long deny
Love and Beauty both will die.

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

Chloe, my moſt tender care,
Always coy and always fair!
Should unwiſh'd for languor ſpread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should theſe locks that ſweetly play
Down theſe ſhoulders fall away,
And that lovely bloom that glows
Fairer than the faireſt roſe,
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glaſs the charge betray,
Thus, my Fair! you 'd weeping ſay,

"Cruel Gods! does beauty fade,
"Now warm desires my breast invade?
"And why, while blooming youth did glow,
"Was this heart as cold as snow?"

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS,

IMITATED.

I.

Hail! (with eternal beauty blest,
O'er heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Hail, Venus! it is thy slave's request
Her peace may be restor'd:
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart.

II.

Once you descended, queen of Love!
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious fire!
I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot rolling light thro' the rejoicing air.

III.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart,
And with a look divinely kind,
That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart,

" Sappho," say you, " What sorrow breaks thy rest?
" How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?

IV.

" Is there a youth severely coy
" My fav'rite wou'd subdue?
" Or has she lost some wand'ring boy,
" To plighted vows untrue?
" Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
" And with new lighted flames more fond, more
" fiercely burn!

V.

" Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,
" And scorn thy glowing charms,
" Soon shall his ev'ry art the try'd
" To win thee to his arms:
" Tho' he be now as cold as virgin snow,
" The victim in his turn shall like your'd Ætna glow."

VI.

Thee, Goddess! I again invoke,
These mad desires remove!
Again I 've felt the furious stroke
Of irresistless Love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour burn.

MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, golden Star! of ray ſerene!
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
O Heſper! glory of the night,
Diffuſing thro' the gloom delight;
Whoſe beams all other ſtars outſhine
As much as ſilver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, ſpeeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my ſhepherd ſwain;
He keeps the mirthful feaſt, and ſoon
Dark ſhades will cloud the ſplendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O! lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way.
May the bright Star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of Love!

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